

URGKLE'S BACK! GAMMORREAN PEARLS OF WISDOM

**STAR
WARS**

Online

starwars-rpg.net's Star Wars Gaming Magazine

VOLUME 2, ISSUE 3

Journal

Blaster 4D+2, dodge 4D+1, gr... Elite Trooper: Soldier
running 5D (Dex); Defense 20 (+7 cl...

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

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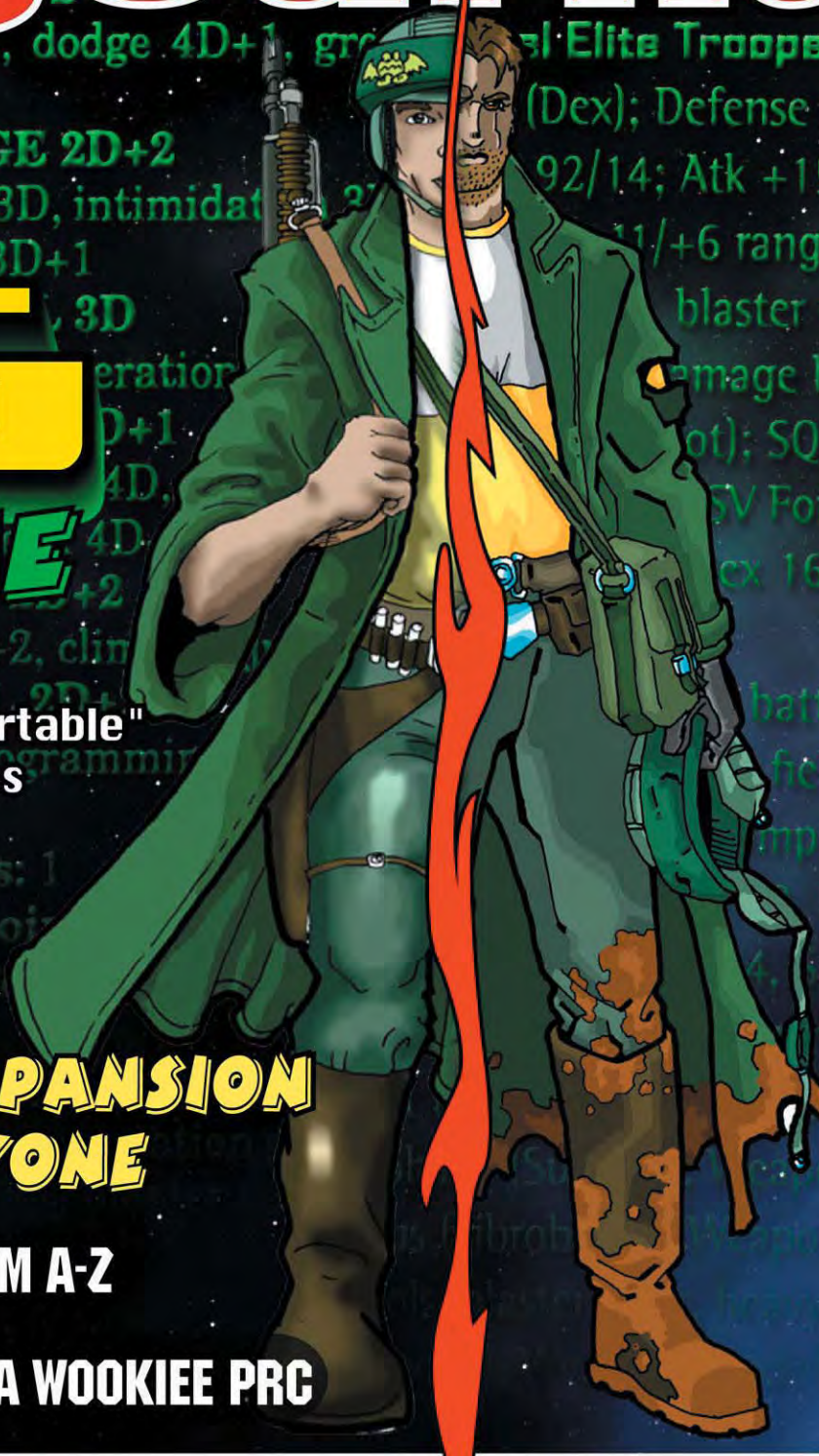
d20
JOINS THE
FRAY

Converting the "unconvertable"
d20 Prestige Classes

**CHARACTER EXPANSION
FOR EVERYONE**

SHOCKBOXING FROM A-Z

MADNESS REIGNS: A WOOKIEE PRC



FREE! CADENCES II ■ CORELLIAN CRITTERS

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EDITORIAL

I didn't mean to ramble...

When I thought about writing this editorial, I decided I would have to write something worthy of all of the articles in this issue. So, I sat down to think about what would do justice to our staff and authors. A couple of days, and about a gallon of coffee later, I realized something. This issue of the Journal is too original, too groundbreaking, and way too unique for anything I could write.

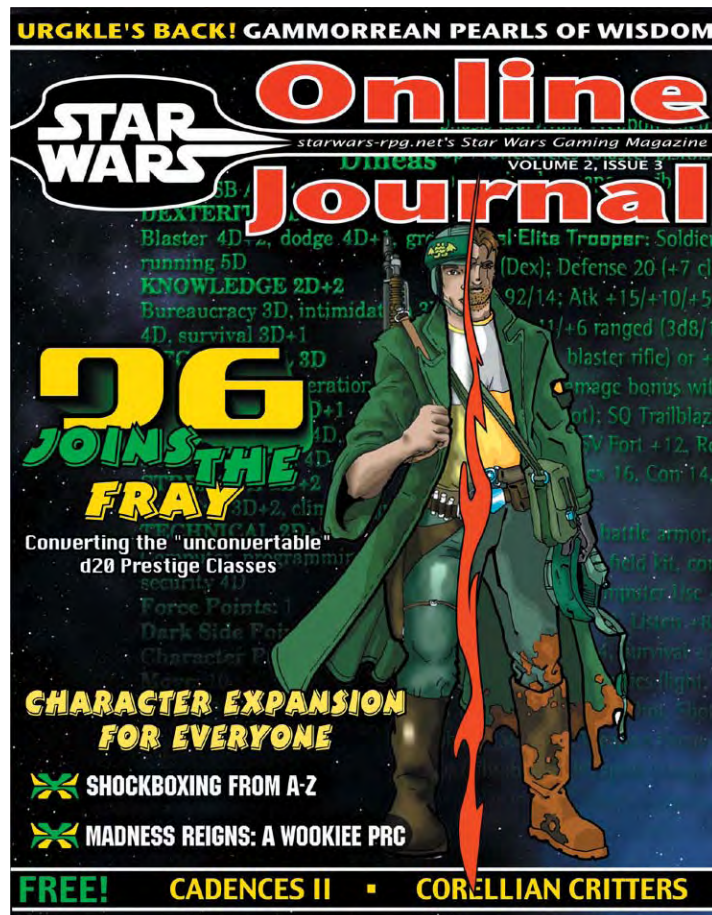
So, I had to change my goals. I decided that I would just take some time to thank the great staff of the Online Journal for all of their hard work, and thank all of the artists at SWAG for their great artistic contributions that make each issue what it is.

I also have to take some time to say a fond farewell to our Managing Editor, Derek Jones. Outside issues have forced him to step down from his position, and he will be sorely missed. Thankfully for us, Scott Beaver is picking up where our former editor left off.

But, enough about the people behind the Journal. Issue 3 of the Journal is absolutely excellent. We have focused this issue on character expansion in an effort to give you, the gamer, more options for every campaign. Our cover story has been created and designed for those oft forgotten D6 gamers, bringing new rules and possibilities to a game no longer supported by its company.

Hopefully, you have as much fun with this new material as we did bringing it you.

Derek 'Axius' Thompson, EIC



This Issue's cover is once again brought to you by all of the great people at Star Wars Artists' Guild.

A collaboration by the talented artists Jason Lego and Khairul Hisham, it illustrates the conversion we hope to bring to your D6 campaigns.

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Rogues Gallery: Special Operatives

by Evan Black

This issue's gallery was created by Evan Black, a member of the Star Wars Artists Guild. Evan Black brings a variety of characters to you for use in your military oriented campaign.

Special thanks goes out to Evan for his excellent rendition of the Online Journal's newest feature.

For more information about Evan, and to see more of his art, check out the SWAG website at <http://swagonline.net/>



D6 Joins the Fray

An article converting the “unconvertible” D20 PrC

by Derek “Nafai” Jones, Gary Astleford and Derek Thompson

Prestige classes. For players or GMs in a D20 campaign, these specialized character development rules can provide both heroes and villains with the tools for survival. Beyond that, they can provide plot ideas, goals for players and an occasional amazing feat within the game.

But if you are running or playing in a D6 campaign, prestige classes are useless. No effort has been made in any publication, official or otherwise, to convert these D20 specific rules for the D6 gamer. It is a conversion labeled by some as impossible, useless and even better left alone. Well, we here at the Online Journal have decided to push the envelope.

Although it is not our intention here at the Journal, this article might step on people’s toes. But like any rule throughout the numerous publications in both D6 and D20, using the new D6 prestige classes are entirely optional. We hope, however, that they add a new and interesting element for all the players of the D6 game system.

Since this is the first foray into converting prestige classes, we at the Online Journal volunteer to remain the official source for D6 PrC rules. We will field questions that you may have, and help GMs and players settle disputes that might arise from the use of our D6 PrC rules. If you have any questions as you experiment and play with these new rules, feel free to email us at Journal@starwars-rpg.net. Your question, and our answer, just might appear in the pages of the next issue of the Journal.

Joining a Prestige Class

A Prestige Class is a way for you to specialize your character and to have a more exclusive role in your abilities or profession. They offer special abilities that are not otherwise available and because of that, they have very specific requirements. The basic idea of a prestige class is that you can not begin as a member of one. They are expected to have weathered at least a few adventures.

Requirements to become a member of a prestige class can include the following:

- Base Attributes
- One or more skills **Above Starting Value**
- Total Attack Above Starting Value**
- Special requirements such as Force Sensitive or group membership
- Pay the required Character Point

Base Attributes: The character must have at least the specified value of any attribute listed.

Above Starting Value(ASV): A number of points a character must increase a particular skill above what it is was when the character was created. For instance, if one requirement is “Skills (ASV): Investigation (4)” then the player would have needed to have spent enough character points over the course of his growth increasing his Investigation skill by four pips. Following the 2nd Edition R&E rules, this would take a minimum of four adventures to accomplish, as a skill can only be improved one pip between

adventures. If your gaming group does not adhere to those rules, you should be able to successfully use it as a guide as to what your requirements would be, keeping in the spirit of the rules presented here.

Total Attack ASV: Indicates a required number of pip increases across all of your characters attack skills. This would include Archaic Guns, Blaster, Blaster Artillery, Bowcaster, Bows, Firearms, Grenade, Lightsaber, Melee Combat, Missile Weapons, Thrown Weapons, Vehicle Blasters, Brawling, and any other possible attack skill. Any pips increased on a skill specialization count towards your ASV when determining eligibility, but only as half a pip. So if you have increased Blaster: Heavy Blaster Pistol by 2 pips, then it would count as 1 pip ASV for both the Total Attack ASV requirement as well as Blaster Skill ASV.

Advancing Your PrC

When you take up a prestige class, you can only increase your depth in the prestige class by following its rules for growth. Each Prestige Class has a set of skills that belong to it. When you spend Character Points to increase your skills, you may only increase those that are part of the Class Skills or specializations thereof. Every time you increase your classes skills by the Skill Number you may spend the Character Points listed for the next level to gain the associated PrC special ability.

Example: If your Prestige Class has a Skill Number of 6, you must raise any combination of that PrCs available skills by a total of 6 pips (again, specializations only count as half a pip for every pip raised), and upon doing so, you may spend the listed amount of Character Points to move to the next row on your PrC chart and gain the listed skills. You may only move one additional level between adventures. A checkbox is provided on the chart to assist you in tracking your progress.

Can you increase in skills that do not belong to your PrC? Yes, you are still free to pursue skills at your desire. But you may only travel further on your PrC chart if at the time of increasing your skills you do not increase anything other than your PrCs skillset. So if you increase a skill between adventures that is not part of your PrCs skill set, you will have to wait until after your next adventure, only increasing Class Skills before you were allowed to advance.

The exception to this rule are combat skills. All combat skills are available to you, but pips increased in combat skills not specifically outlined in your Prestige Class skill set DO NOT count towards your Skill Number needed to traverse deeper into your PrC chart.

Can you take more than one PrC? Certainly. As long as you meet the requirements for a PrC, you may take it on as well, but again, you can only traverse deeper into a PrC when you increase the skills that belong to that particular PrC and no others, and by an amount equal to or greater than that PrC’s Skill Number. The restrictions that you adhere to for skill growth are rewarded fully the deeper and deeper that you progress down your PrC chart.

Bounty Hunter

Requirements

In order to become a Bounty Hunter, a character must fulfill the following criteria:

Total Attack ASV: 6 pips

Skills (ASV): Investigation (2), Intimidation (2), Sneak (2)

Base Attribute: Perception 3D

Class Skills

The skills available to a Bounty Hunter to increase are:

Climbing/Jumping, Communications, Computer Programming/Repair, Con, Demolitions, Dodge, Forgery, Hide, Investigation, Intimidation, Search, Sneak, Survival

Skill Number: 6

You must increase any combination of your Class Skills by a total of 6 pips in order to advance in your Prestige Class. Pips increased in specializations of the above skills only count half of their amount towards your Skill Value. Every time you meet this skill number you may spend the Character Points required on the table below to move to the next row, gaining the associated class benefit. You may only move one level deep in between adventures.

Class Special Abilities

Target Bonus: Because of intensive study of his target, a Bounty Hunter gains a competence bonus on attack rolls against his chosen target. The hero must announce who the target is before the adventure begins (and in general should be someone that the Bounty Hunter has taken a contract to take down.) While this is normally a single individual, the target could also be a small group of individuals, or even a large group, organization, or entire species. In this case, it is up to the GM, but the bonus would normally be one half in the case of a small group, and one third the normal bonus in the case of a large group. The competence bonus increases by one at interval specified by the chart below.

Sneak Attack: The Bounty Hunter has grown accustomed to attacking his targets while they are either unaware of his presence, or unable to defend themselves. In any situation, determined by the GM, in which the target is not aware of the Bounty Hunter's presence, or is in a physically vulnerable state, such as prone, bound, or is flanked by the Bounty Hunter, the Bounty Hunter's attack deals extra damage as indicated by his progression on the chart below. A Bounty Hunter cannot use Sneak Attack on enemies that do not have visibly obvious anatomical weaknesses (such as a sarlacc). The target must also be visible enough to the Bounty Hunter for a vital spot to be discernable, and must be in reach of the Bounty Hunter if a melee weapon is used, or within Short range if a ranged weapon is used. Deadly accuracy cannot be gained at Medium or Long ranges.

CP	Special
1	Target Bonus +1
2	Sneak Attack 1D
3	Target Bonus +2
4	Sneak Attack 2D
5	Target Bonus +3
6	Sneak Attack 3D
7	Target Bonus +4
8	Sneak Attack 5D
9	Target Bonus +5
10	Sneak Attack 6D



Crime Lord

Requirements

In order to become a Crime Lord, a character must fulfill the following criteria:

Skills (ASV): Con (4), Investigation (4), Persuasion (4), Willpower (3)

Base Attribute: Perception 3D

Class Skills

The skills available to a Crime Lord to increase are: Bargain, Command, Computer Programming/Repair, Con, Forgery, Gambling, Intimidation, Investigation, Languages, Streetwise, Persuasion, Scholar (any), Value, and Willpower.

Skill Number: 6

You must increase any combination of your Class Skills by a total of 6 pips in order to advance in your Prestige Class. Pips increased in specializations of the above skills only count half of their amount towards your Skill Value. Every time you meet this skill number, you may spend the Character Points required on the table below to move to the next row, gaining the associated class benefit. You may only move one level deep in-between adventures.

Class Special Abilities

Contact: Each time a crime lord gains a contact, the GM should develop an NPC to represent him, with the crime lord's player suggesting what sort of contact he would like to have. Though the contact will not accompany the crime lord on adventures, he will provide information and expert skills. The more powerful the contact, the less time he will have to spare the crime lord. A crime lord cannot call upon the same contact more than once per adventure.

Resource Access: Beginning at 2nd level, a crime lord has access to a multitude of resources. Once per day, the crime lord can make a Perception check to use these resources. The value of the resources gained equal the crime lord's level x the total of his Perception roll x 50. Thus, a 4th level crime lord who rolls an 11 on his Perception check would gain 2,200 credits' worth of resources ($4 \times 11 \times 50 = 2,200$). These resources can take nearly any form the crime lord chooses, within reason, and are his to do with as he wishes. The resources gained arrive within 1D hours. Note that the chosen resources must be reasonably available (though not necessarily common) when and where he chooses to make the check.

Inspire Fear: Starting at 3rd level, a crime lord's infamy and reputation reach such a point that anyone wishing to take direct action against him is subject to a skill penalty. This penalty is equal to -2 pips at 3rd level, -1D+1 at 6th level, and -2D at 9th level. This penalty affects all skill and attribute rolls (including attack rolls) made against the crime lord by other characters.

Minions: At 5th level, a crime lord can attract minions. To do so, the crime lord must make a Difficult Perception roll, adding his crime lord level to his die roll as a bonus. The total number of minions attracted depends on the crime lord's level, and the power level of the minions themselves. Using the number of points that the crime lord's Perception roll exceeding the difficulty of the roll as a pool, these minions can be "purchased." Cost per minion is equal to the base attribute dice of the minion, minus 10D (with a minimum attribute dice total of 11D). For example, if a crime lord's Perception roll exceeds the difficulty by 12 points,

he can attract 12 minions who possess 11D in their attributes, 6 minions with 12D in their attributes, 2 minions with 16D in their attributes, or any other combination that he can afford. The number of attribute dice that an individual minion is built upon can not exceed 18D. These minions arrive over the course of a few weeks. If the roll fails, the crime lord can not attempt to attract minions again until he advances one more level.

Exceptional Minions: When he reaches 8th level, the crime lord may add double his class level as a bonus to his Perception skill roll when attracting minions.

CP	Special
1	Contact
2	Resource Access
3	Inspire Fear -2 pips
4	Contact
5	Minions
6	Inspire Fear -1D+1
7	Contact
8	Exceptional Minions
9	Inspire Fear -2D
10	Contact



Dark Side Devotee

Requirements

In order to become a Dark Side Devotee, a character must fulfill the following criteria:

Total Attack ASV: 2

Skills (ASV): Intimidation (2)

Special: Force-Sensitive, 3 Dark Side Points

Base Attribute: Perception 3D

Class Skills

The skills available to a Dark Side Devotee to increase are: Alter, Beast Riding, Control, Hide, Scholar (any), Search, Sense, Sneak, Survival, and Willpower.

Skill Number: 6

You must increase any combination of your Class Skills by a total of 6 pips in order to advance in your Prestige Class. Pips increased in specializations of the above skills only count half of their amount towards your Skill Value. Every time you meet this skill number, you may spend the Character Points required on the table below to move to the next row, gaining the associated class benefit. You may only move one level deep in-between adventures.

CP	Special
1	Force Training, dark side Skill Emphasis
2	Dark side Talisman +2
3	Force Training
4	Dark side Skill Emphasis
5	Force Training
6	Force Weapon +1d8
7	Dark side Skill Emphasis
8	Dark side Talisman +4
9	Force Weapon +2d8
10	Dark side Skill Emphasis

Class Special Abilities

Force Training: The dark side devotee gains a Force skill at 1st, 4th, and 5th levels. This Force skill must be either Alter, Control, or Sense. The dark side devotee gains this skill at a base score of 1D, and may choose three related Force powers to go with his new skill. If the dark side devotee already has a score in the selected skill, he gains no bonus.

Dark side Skill Emphasis: At 1st level, and every three levels thereafter, a dark side devotee may choose one Force power that he knows. When using the selected Force power, the dark side devotee gains a +1D (or 3 pip) bonus to divide between the Force skills that are rolled to activate the chosen power. *For example, if a dark side devotee chooses the Affect Mind force power for this emphasis, he may add +1D to either his Alter, Control, or Sense rolls when activating the power; or he may add +2 pips to one power's roll and +1 pip to another's; or he may add +1 pip to each skill roll.* Each power so emphasized can only be chosen once.

Dark Side Talisman: At 2nd level, a dark side devotee gains the ability to imbue a small item of personal significance with the dark side of the Force. It takes an entire day to imbue an item, and 1 Force Point must be spent. Once imbued, the item becomes a dark side talisman, providing the character with a +2 pip bonus to any rolls made to resist the effects of non-dark side Force powers. At 8th level, the same process can increase the power of the dark side talisman so that it provides a +1D+1 bonus.

Force Weapon: At 6th level, a dark side devotee can imbue a non-powered melee weapon (such as a club, knife, or staff) with the Force. This can only be done to a weapon used by the dark side devotee himself. Imbuing the weapon takes one round, and the additional damage the weapon gains lasts for as many rounds as the character has levels in the dark side devotee prestige class. At 6th level, the weapon's damage increases by +1D, and at 9th level, the weapon's damage is increased by +2D.



Elite Trooper

Requirements

In order to become an Elite Trooper, a character must fulfill the following criteria:

Total Attack ASV: 6

Skills (ASV): Dodge (2), Blasters (2)

Base Attribute: Strength 3D

Class Skills

The skills available to an Elite Trooper to increase are: Climbing/Jumping, Computer Programming/Repair, Demolitions, Dodge, First Aid, Hide, Intimidation, Powersuit Operation, Scholar (any), Search, Sneak, Tactics, and Willpower.

Skill Number: 6

You must increase any combination of your Class Skills by a total of 6 pips in order to advance in your Prestige Class. Pips increased in specializations of the above skills only count half of their amount towards your Skill Value. Every time you meet this skill number, you may spend the Character Points required on the table below to move to the next row, gaining the associated class benefit. You may only move one level deep in-between adventures.

Class Special Abilities

Weapon Focus: At 2nd level, the elite trooper may choose any one weapon. Whenever she uses this weapon in combat, she adds a +2 pip bonus to all attack rolls.

Uncanny Dodge: Starting at 3rd level, the elite trooper gains the ability to react to danger before she would normally be aware of it. This allows her to make Dodge skill rolls to avoid unseen attacks and ambushes. At 7th level, the elite trooper gains a +1D bonus to all Dodge skill rolls.

Weapon Specialization: At 5th level, an elite trooper may choose a specific weapon. Any time the elite trooper makes a successful attack with her chosen weapon, she adds +2 pips to her damage rolls. If the weapon is a ranged weapon, this damage bonus only applies to attacks within 10 meters.

Deadly Strike: At 9th level, the elite trooper can attempt to execute a deadly strike with any weapon she wields. Making a deadly strike is the only action the elite trooper is allowed to take in the round in which she attempts it (including defensive rolls). She rolls to hit as normal, but with a +1D+1 bonus to her attack roll. If the attack hits and is not avoided by her target, it inflicts maximum damage.

CP	Special
1	
2	Weapon Focus
3	Uncanny Dodge
4	
5	Weapon Specialization
6	
7	Uncanny Dodge
8	
9	Deadly Strike
10	

Jedi Ace

Requirements

In order to become a Jedi Ace, a character must fulfill the following criteria:

Total Attack ASV: 4

Skills (ASV): Starship Pilot or Space Transports (3), Sense (3)

Special: Force-Sensitive, Sense Force, must be a Jedi

Base Attribute: Mechanical 3D

Class Skills

The skills available to a Jedi Ace to increase are:

Astrogation, Communications, Scholar (any), Search, Sensors, Space Transports, Space Transports Repair, Starfighter Pilot, Starfighter Repair, Starship Shields, and Starship Gunnery.

Skill Number: 6

You must increase any combination of your Class Skills by a total of 6 pips in order to advance in your Prestige Class. Pips increased in specializations of the above skills only count half of their amount towards your Skill Value. Every time you meet this skill number, you may spend the Character Points required on the table below to move to the next row, gaining the associated class benefit. You may only move one level deep in-between adventures.

Class Special Abilities

Starfighter Defense: Starting at 1st level, a Jedi ace gains a bonus equal to her Jedi ace level in pips to all Space Transports or Starfighter Piloting skill rolls made to dodge incoming attacks.

Starship Focus: At 2nd level, a Jedi ace can activate her Sense Force power (Sense difficulty: Moderate) to gain a bonus on all Space Transports or Starfighter Piloting skill rolls. This bonus equals +1 pip for each level she has in the Jedi ace prestige class.

Familiarity: At 3rd level, a Jedi ace gains a +1 pip bonus to all Starfighter Piloting and Starfighter Repair skill checks when used on a starfighter type that she designates as familiar. This same bonus is applied to the Jedi ace's Starship Gunnery skill rolls when piloting the specified fighter craft. At 5th level, this bonus increases to +2 pips. The Jedi ace must have operated the specified starfighter for at least 3 months, and she can only be familiar with one ship at a time, even if she has levels in another prestige class that grants this ability.

Starfighter Evasion: At 4th level, a Jedi ace may attempt a Starfighter Piloting skill roll to lessen the damage dealt by a successful hit against the starfighter-class vehicle she is piloting. The difficulty of her Starfighter Piloting skill roll is equal to the total of the attack roll that hit her ship. If successful, the damage from that attack is reduced by half before it is applied against her ship's Hull rating. A Jedi ace can attempt a single Starfighter Evasion check once per round.

Trust the Force: Once per day, a 5th level Jedi ace may re-roll any failed attack roll made with her starship's weapons. The second result must be used, regardless of the effect.

CP	Special
1	Starfighter Defense
2	Starship Focus
3	Familiarity +1 pip
4	Starfighter Evasion
5	Trust the Force, Familiarity +2 pips

Officer

Requirements

In order to become an Officer, a character must fulfill the following criteria:

Total Attack ASV: 4

Skills (ASV): Command (3)

Special: Must belong to an organization with a military or paramilitary division. Examples include the Rebel Alliance, the Trade Federation, the Galactic Empire, and the New Republic.

Base Attribute: Knowledge 3D

Class Skills

The skills available to an Officer to increase are:

Command, Computer Programming/Repair, Con, Intimidation, Investigation, Languages, Persuasion, Scholar (any), Tactics, and Willpower.

Skill Number: 6

You must increase any combination of your Class Skills by a total of 6 pips in order to advance in your Prestige Class. Pips increased in specializations of the above skills only count half of their amount towards your Skill Value. Every time you meet this skill number, you may spend the Character Points required on the table below to move to the next row, gaining the associated class benefit. You may only move one level deep in-between adventures.

Class Special Abilities

Leadership: When using his Command skill to combine the actions of his subordinates (for more information, see the Star Wars Roleplaying Game, 2nd Edition - Revised and Expanded, pages 82-83), the officer's combined action bonus is doubled to +2D per every three characters combining, instead of +1D.

Requisition Supplies: At 3rd level, an officer can requisition supplies for individual missions. The maximum value of the assigned supplies is equal to the officer's class level x the number of dice he has in his Perception score (dropping pips) x 1,000 credits. For example, a 3rd level officer with a Perception score of 3D+2 could have up to 9,000 credits worth of supplies (3 x 3 x 1,000). These supplies can include weapons, vehicles, or any other equipment. This total is the maximum value of supplies available to the officer at any given time. Although no specific time limits are assigned, the officer should still attempt to return equipment within a reasonable amount of time. If any amount of requisitioned equipment is lost or destroyed, its value is counted as a permanent penalty to the officer's maximum value unless it is replaced.

Skill Bonus: At 4th and 8th levels, the officer gains a +1D skill bonus to one of the following skills:

Command, Con, Intimidation, Investigation, Persuasion, Search, or Willpower. A different skill must be chosen each time the officer gains this benefit.

Tactics: Starting at 5th level, an officer can use his tactical expertise to direct his allies during a battle. By taking an action to do so, the officer can grant any one ally (not including himself) within range (see below) a bonus to either attack skill rolls or Dodge skill rolls. The supplied bonus is a number of pips equal to the number of dice in the officer's Perception attribute (so an officer with a Perception of 4D would grant a +1D+1 bonus to a single ally). The bonus lasts a number of rounds equal to 1D plus the number of dice in the officer's Perception rating.

The officer can also grant the same bonus to a number of allies equal to the number of dice in his Command skill rating (including himself), but he can do nothing else in the round that he activates this ability. In this case, the bonus lasts a number of rounds equal to the number of dice in the officer's Perception rating.

CP	Special
1	Leadership
2	
3	Requisition Supplies
4	Skill Bonus
5	Tactics
6	
7	Uncanny Survival
8	Skill Bonus
9	Improved Tactics
10	



Uncanny Survival: Starting at 7th level, an officer can add a number of pips equal to his officer level to all defensive rolls (ie, Brawling Parry, Dodge, Melee Parry, etc.) for a single round. This ability can only be used once per day, and he must declare he is doing it at the beginning of his turn.

Improved Tactics: At 9th level, the officer takes less time to direct his allies when using his Tactics ability. Providing a skill bonus to a single ally does not take an action, while providing the same bonus to his allies only counts as a single action instead of taking an entire round.

Shockboxer

Requirements

In order to become a shockboxer, a character must fulfill the following criteria:

Total Attack ASV: 6

Skills (ASV): Intimidation (2)

Special: A character wishing to apprentice as a shockboxer must find a mentor who is willing to teach him. Once accepted as an apprentice, a shockboxer must affiliate himself with his mentor's guild or league and swear to uphold the Six Principles.

Base Attribute: Strength 3D

Class Skills

The skills available to a shockboxer to increase are:

Brawling Parry, Climbing/Jumping, Con, Dodge, Intimidation, Scholar (any), Search, and Survival.

Skill Number: 4

You must increase any combination of your Class Skills by a total of 4 pips in order to advance in your Prestige Class. Pips increased in specializations of the above skills only count half of their amount towards your Skill Value. Every time you meet this skill number, you may spend the Character Points required on the table below to move to the next row, gaining the associated class benefit. You may only move one level deep in-between adventures.

Class Special Abilities

Stun Resistance: Constant exposure to stunning attacks hardens a trained shockboxer against them. At 1st, 4th, 7th, and 10th levels, the shockboxer gains a cumulative +1 pip bonus to Strength rolls made to resist stunning attacks from shockboxing gloves. This bonus also applies to Strength rolls made to resist stunning weapons, such as blaster set on stun, stun batons, force pikes, etc. This bonus also counts towards the number of “Stunned” damage results that a shockboxer can resist (for more information, see the Star Wars Roleplaying Game, 2nd Edition - Revised and Expanded, page 96).

Improved Blocking: At 2nd level, the shockboxer is able to deflect blows using his gloves, inflicting damage upon unarmed attackers. This adds a +2 pip bonus to the shockboxer’s Brawling Parry and Melee Parry skill rolls, and the shockboxer may parry lightsabers. If an unarmed attacker misses the shockboxer due to a parry, the attacker takes damage as if struck by the shockboxer’s gloves.

Skill Bonus: At 3rd, 6th, and 9th level, a shockboxer gains a +1D bonus to one of the following skills: Brawling, Brawling Parry, Climbing/Jumping, Dodge, Intimidation, Melee Combat, Melee Parry, Running, or Stamina. A different skill must be chosen each time the shockboxer gains this benefit.

Blinding Strike: At 5th level, a shockboxer can attempt to temporarily blind and daze opponents using the energy field from his gloves in a grazing attack to their eyes (or other visual organs). The shockboxer must declare his intention to blind his target and make a single attack to do so, suffering a -2D penalty to his to-hit roll. If successful, the shockboxer’s opponent takes half damage from the strike, and must succeed at a Difficult Dexterity check in order to avoid being blinder for a number of rounds equal to the shockboxer’s class level. This attack has no effect on creatures or aliens that have no eyes, and protective eyewear or helmets may grant some degree of protection at the GM’s prerogative.

Critical Strike: At 8th level, a shockboxer’s ability to inflict debilitating injuries increases. If the shockboxer’s Wild Die results in a “6” on a shockboxing attack roll, any damage inflicted upon the target due to the strike is doubled.

CP	Special
1	Stun Resistance +1
2	Improved Blocking
3	Skill Bonus
4	Stun Resistance +2
5	Blinding Strike
6	Skill Bonus
7	Stun Resistance +3
8	Critical Strike
9	Skill Bonus
10	Stun Resistance +4

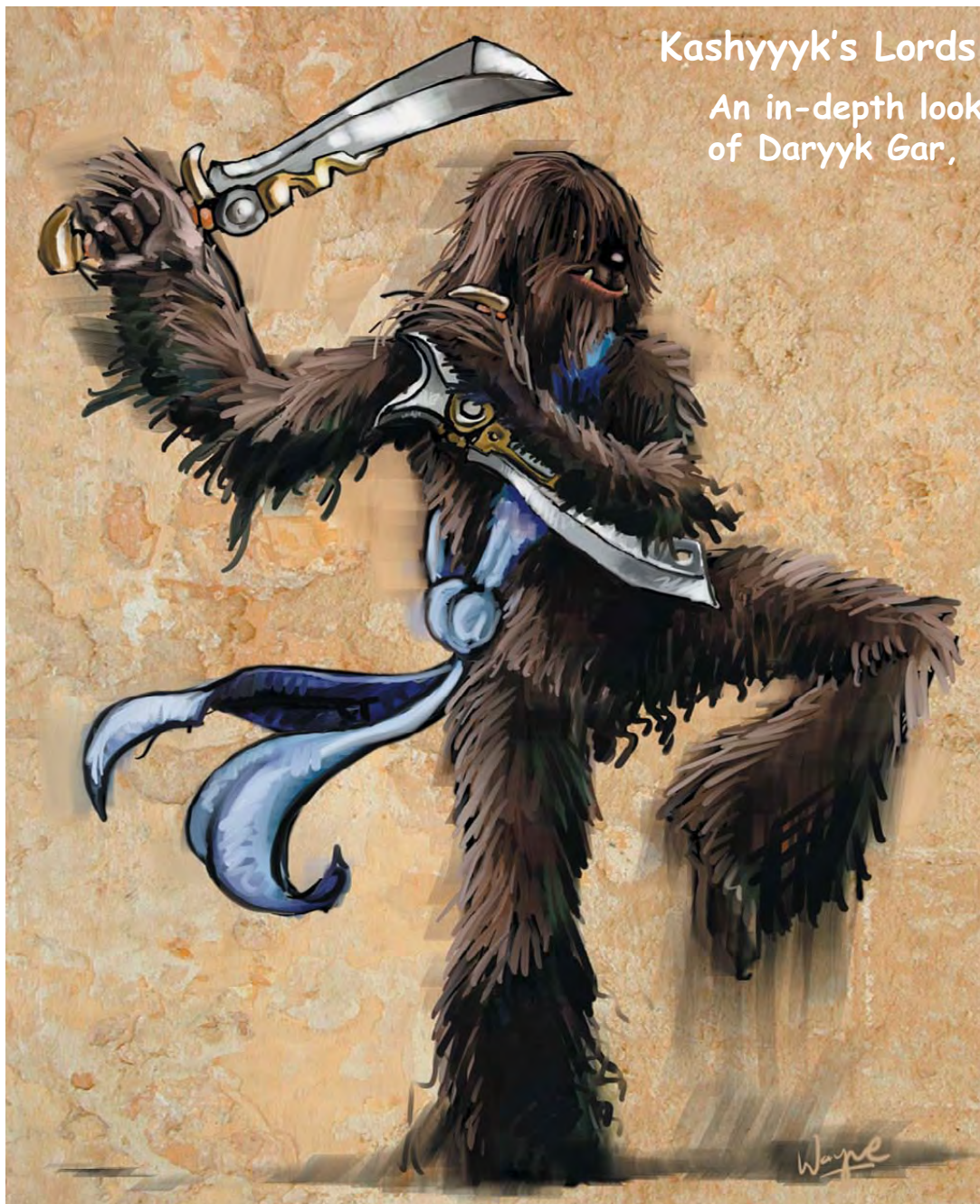


Need a bit more information?

A wealth of information on the Shockboxer, including organization, items, new game rules and shockboxing characters is included in this issue of the Online Journal. Please see “Shockboxing Exposed” on page 19 to get all of the details on this interesting sport.

The end of D6 PrCs?

Not even close... we at the Online Journal will be bringing more D6 prestige classes to you at our every opportunity. If there is a prestige class you would like to see in a future issue, send us an email with your request to : journal@starwars-rpg.net



Kashyyyk's Lords of Combat...

An in-depth look at the Master of Daryyk Gar, a wookiee PrC

by Gabriel Johnson

"Two thousand years ago, in ancient times, the Old masters, whose names are long lost to history, taught wookiees that control of their rage could forge an even deadlier warrior. For nearly two centuries, a religious faction on Kashyyyk sought to cull what they saw as useless and destructive rage, and to cultivate and focus the energies of the wookiee people. By teaching Daryyk Gar, which literally meant 'the path', they trained generations that calm, surgical combat could win more battles than giving in to one's primal instincts. However, as is the way of things, the people were seduced eventually by technology, and lost the ways of their grandfathers."

- attributed to Ryyk Master Bayrroshda

As with any species that must live by the sword from time to time, the wookiees have a martial tradition that elevates combat to an art. Now that the wookiees no longer need to fear the Empire, some of the old ways are being replaced by 'progress'. During the reign of the Empire, wookiees resurrected an ancient fighting form called Darryk Gar Ryyk, meaning the path of the blade, as a means to fight their oppressors. The Imperials were contemptuous of the Wookiee people, and saw no threat when wookiees began to conceal special swords called Ryyk or Jal on their person. They foolishly believed that a beast with a sword was no match for a Stormtrooper with a blaster.

This misconception was finally put to rest when a group of slavers, backed by a battalion of Stormtroopers, were slaughtered in their attempt to take, at the same time, the two greatest martial artists on the planet. By popular account, Wrruushi Master Kayyukka was having a friendly sparring match with Ryyk Master Bayrroshda when the two were surrounded by slavers who, assuming they'd surprised the wookiees, decided to watch the combat. The two warriors were not surprised, but had elected to remain engaged in battle in a vain attempt to frighten off the enemy. Their attackers were far too over-confident, however, and after a few minutes of watching, they moved in for the capture.

The battle that ensued was survived by only one slaver, who was discovered lying under another body, apparently missed by the two warriors. According to his account, the wookiee masters flew through their attackers with such grace and precision that the witness was forced to concede his admiration and wonder. Bayrroshda did not so much swing his blade as he did place it with surgical accuracy, to

parry or kill. The light that gleamed off the blade was at times so bright that it seemed as though he were wielding a Lightsaber rather than a Jal Ryyk. This confusion of weapons was reinforced by the ease with which Bayrroshda severed throats and pierced armor.

The only sight that matched the beauty of Bayrroshda's dance was the complementary weaponless dance of Kayyakka. His movements seemed even more fluid and delicate, but with just as deadly an effect. The only part of his body that was not used for attack or defense were his claws - never used by wookiees for anything other than climbing. His feet and hands hit at the gaps between armor plates to crush arteries and open wounds. On a couple of occasions Kayyakka even sent his mighty blows through the Stormtrooper's armor, and when his fist snapped back it was followed by a fountain of blood. Neither warrior ever gave in to the Berserker Rage that is the trademark of a cornered wookiee.

When the battle cleared, as suddenly as it began, the two Masters knew that they would be hunted down and eventually killed if they did not go into hiding. Some say they hid together, and others say they separated. Some claim they still live on Kasshyyyk, while others claim they have hidden themselves on some Outer Rim planet. One thing is certain though, from that day on, few were foolish enough to believe that a wookiee, armed or otherwise, was anything less than deadly.

Game Mechanics:

The Master of Daryyk Gar is a deadly combat surgeon, so all concentration must be on the moment. Therefore a wookiee may not perform any of the SQs when in a Wookiee Rage, though they do retain any other class bonuses. The Ryyk is a blanket term for two different weapons: the traditional Ryyk, which has a perpendicular handle and is wielded backhanded; and the Jal Ryyk, which is shaped like a large machete. Many Masters use one or the other, or even one of each, and a combination of the two can be utilized (though there is no game difference).

There are actually two separate types of Masters of this art. Those that follow the teachings of Bayrroshda use Ryyk (Daryyk Gar Ryyk), and those that follow Kayyakka use their hands and feet (Daryyk Gar Wrruushi). All SQ's and bonuses can apply to each, but a player or GM must declare which path the character is following when they enter the PrC, and from then on all class bonuses and SQ's only apply to that path.

Requirements

To qualify to become a Master of Daryyk Gar, a character must fulfill all of the following minimum criteria:

Ability: Dexterity 13, Wisdom 11.

Base Attack Bonus: +5.

Skills: Sense Motive 4 ranks, Tumble 4 ranks.

Feats: Ambidexterity, Defensive Martial Arts, Martial Arts.

Special: This prestige class is only available to wookiee characters.

Master of Daryyk Gar

Level	BAB	Fort	Ref	Will	Special	Def	Rep
1st	+1	+1	+2	+1	Instant Stand, Weapon Juggle	+1	+0
2nd	+2	+1	+2	+1	Damage Equipment	+1	+0
3rd	+3	+2	+3	+2	+1d6 Melee/Hand To Hand, Instant Daze, Ryyk Draw	+2	+1
4th	+4	+2	+3	+2	Double Sweep	+2	+1
5th	+5	+3	+4	+3	Sweep Parry	+3	+2
6th	+6	+3	+4	+3	Instant Wound	+3	+2
7th	+7	+4	+5	+4	+1d6 Melee/Hand To Hand, Ryyk Disarm	+3	+3
8th	+8	+4	+5	+4	False Rage	+4	+3
9th	+9	+5	+6	+5	Rage Block	+4	+4
10th	+10	+5	+6	+5	Improved Instant Wound	+5	+4

Game Rule Information:

Vitality: A Master of Daryyk Gar gains 1d10 vitality points per level. The character's constitution modifier applies.

Class Skills:

The Master of Daryyk Gar's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Craft * (Int), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Knowledge * (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Pilot (Dex), Profession * (Wis), Ride (Dex), Sense Motive (Wis), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis), Treat Injury (Wis), and Tumble (Dex).

* This skill actually encompasses a number of unrelated skills. Each time this skill is learned, a specific category must also be chosen.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features:

Instant Stand: At 1st level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Instant Stand special quality. As a free action the character may immediately return to his or her feet without taking any penalties. This may only be done once per round, and incurs an attack of opportunity.

Weapon Juggle: At 1st level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Weapon Juggle special quality. An attack roll is made and compared against a single target's Will save (or sense motive, whichever is higher), and if successful the character may move her weapon quickly from one hand to another (assuming one hand is free) before the opponent has time to adjust their defense. The attacker gains +5 to the next attack this round. This may be stacked with Ryyk Draw, though it does incur an attack of opportunity.

Damage Equipment: At 2nd level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Damage Equipment special quality. The character is able to instinctively find the weak spot in weapons or equipment. Difficulty to hit is target defense +3 (+5 for lightsabers). A Wisdom Check (DC 10-20, at the GM's discretion) must first reveal weak points or flaws in the equipment. Damage rolls receive an additional +5 due to the precise nature of the attack.

Increased Melee or Hand To Hand Damage: At 3rd and again at 7th level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains +1d6 damage to Melee or Hand To Hand attacks, depending on the Daryyk Gar specialty path selected at 1st level.

Instant Daze: At 3rd level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Instant Daze special quality. As an attack, wookiee masters may choose to stun instead of, or before, they wound an opponent. If the attack roll is made, the target must make a Fort save (DC=to attack roll), or be dazed for one round.

Ryyk Draw: At 3rd level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Ryyk Draw special quality. If the character chooses to Draw the attack, she

Editor's Note
The following prestige class is recommended for use in high powered games only. For more mundane campaigns, this class may require modification.

must make a hit against her opponent. If she hits the opponent, she fakes a Ryyk attack to draw off her opponent's defense. If the opponent fails a Will save, or Sense Motive check (DC=to attack Roll), the character gains a +5 to her next attack, whether in this round or the next.

Double Sweep: At 4th level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Double Sweep special quality. If an attack is successful the character follows one successful Ryyk (or Hand to Hand) attack with a foot sweep. The opponent is knocked prone for the remainder of the round if he or she does not make a Reflex save greater than the attack roll. This is a full round action.

Sweep Parry: At 5th level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Sweep Parry special quality. If a successful attack roll is made against the opponent with the highest Defense, the character may automatically parry up to three brawling or melee attacks. This is a full round action.

Instant Wound: At 6th level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Instant Wound special quality. The Master of Daryyk Gar must declare she is attempting an Instant Wound. If an attack roll is made (DC -2) the target must make a Reflex save (DC=to Attack roll), or take 1pt of wound damage in addition to normal VP damage. If the target has any DR then this

is nullified.

Ryyk Disarm: At 7th level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Ryyk Disarm special quality. This operates just as the Improved Disarm Feat, but the character also disarms as if they had a larger weapon regardless of comparative size. If the wookiee actually *has* a larger weapon, the bonus is an additional +2.

Controlled Rage: At 8th level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Controlled Rage special quality. Though the Master may seem to be in a rage to outsiders, she is actually in perfect control of her attacks, though the speed at which she performs them makes the attacks more difficult. The character may attack up to three additional times this round, but for each attack a -3 to all attacks is incurred. So for example: if all three attacks are taken then all attacks that round are at -9.

Rage Block: At 9th level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Rage Block special quality. For each melee and hand to hand attack that fails against the character, the opponents are damaged at base Ryyk damage (maximum of +2 Strength modifier), by the savage fury of the parry. This does not affect the normal number of attacks and may be used with Sweep Parry.

Improved Instant Wound: At 10th level the Master of Daryyk Gar gains the Improved Instant Wound special quality. The special quality operates just as Instant Wound does, but the target sustains 2 points wound damage and any non-natural (i.e. worn armor) DR is ignored.

The Master of Daryyk Gar through the ages

2000 years B.B.Y. through to Fall of the Old Republic

Masters of Daryyk Gar in this era could be part of the faction seeking to show other wookiees 'the path', or they could be one of the last practitioners of the art. Modern technology seduces the mass of the wookiee population.

Rise of the Empire and Rebellion Eras

Wookiees are slaves during this period, and Kashyyyk is under Imperial occupation. It is during this era that Daryyk Gar Ryyk enjoys a revival, as wookiees denied access to modern weapons turn to their roots for both the cultural and physical tools to resist their oppressors.

The New Republic and the New Jedi Order

Characters during this era should be a rarity, even on Kashyyyk. Once the imminent threat of the Empire's slavery is over, and blasters and bowcasters are again common and many of the young wookiees abandon the old ways. However, characters may play roles as the last of the Master's pupils. It is possible the last of the Masters of Daryyk Gar may want to bring the art back as a way to keep the people from flying into murderous and useless rages against the cold cruelty of the Yuuzhan Vong. Where once the Empire stood, now it is the Vong that serve as foes against whom young students test their skills.



From the Journal of Doctor Grayer

The galaxy is a vast place and the diversity of life across it is even greater. In an effort to catalogue some of these life forms I, Professor Callayan Grayer of the Arkanian Institute of Life Sciences, have received a vessel provided by Emperor Palpatine himself for a five year journey around the galaxy. My starting point is the world of Corellia, and I will eventually return to this sector to document some of the life on the world of Thantra Zibila.

I met several graduate students on Corellia from a wide variety of universities who will aid me in cataloguing the various species. Unfortunately, the vessel we were to travel in was needed to combat a rebellious uprising in the Outer Rim. While we waited for it to arrive, I decided to catalogue some of the creatures on Corellia itself. We researched several thousand species, and selected fourteen of the more interesting to include in this brief report.

Eventually I received a holonet transmission that our fully decked-out research vessel had been severely damaged, and that another vessel would be dispatched. Not long after, a Captain Ric Sintolie of the Corellian Bulk Cruiser, *Treasure Hunter*, informed me that I would be sharing his vessel with an Archaeology group from the University of Naboo. Needless to say I am most displeased.

-Callayan Grayer



The 'Good Doctor' - Jackie Roach

Callayan Grayer
Professor of Biology
Arkanian Institute of Life
Sciences

Dr. Callayan Grayer has been a professor at the Arkanian Institute of Life Sciences for just under seven years, and has risen to a place of power in that time. While there, she seemed more administrator material than she did field researcher to her fellow professors. It was surprising, then, for her to not only volunteer for a five-year journey across the galaxy, but to suggest it. The reason for this apparent breach in her behaviour was due mostly to her lack of patience.

Her department's president was a respected older man who looked to be so firmly entrenched in his position that he would only lose his job if he died. Refusing to stoop to murder (though the thought had crossed her mind several times), she instead arranged for an extended journey around the galaxy. As notable research enhances an academic's prestige, she believed the research project would enable her to gain power more quickly within the university when she returned. Due to a recent (untrue) rumor hovering around the campus involving Callayan and the head of the Botany department, the university was happy to put funds into the venture.

Somewhat tragically for Callayan, the head of her department died unexpectedly only a month after she had left. A new department president was chosen from staff members available at the time. This did not include her.

Callayan is a tall, cool beauty, with long golden hair that is always in place. She dresses aggressively, and always in the latest fashion.

Golden Crab

The famous Golden Beaches of Corellia are a very popular destination among visitors to the Core. What most tourists do not know is that the gold color is not due to lost pirate treasure, or wealth beyond belief. In fact, the beaches acquire their golden colour from the broken shells of crabs.

The golden crab is a mid-sized species that occurs naturally only in the waters surrounding the Golden Beaches. It generally eats plankton, bits and pieces of dead animals, and other shelled aquatic species. They are one of Corellia's protected species - crabbing off the Golden Beaches has a fine of between 1,000 and 10,000 credits. Unfortunately, they are also considered a delicacy and illegal crabbing is fairly common. Because of this, there are several commercial golden crab farms on other parts of Corellia.

The crabs are a favored prey of the Corellian blue sea duck, who pluck them up into the air and drop them from great heights onto rocks, smashing their shells into small pieces. The grinding motion of the waves further crushes the shells into fine, expensive sand.

When attacked by the duck or by people crabbing, the crabs employ formidable pincers. They have been known to break the fingers of people who pick them up the wrong way.



Golden Crab- Isaac James

D6 Game Stats

Golden Crab

Type: Ocean Scavenger

Size: .13 - .38 m

DEXTERITY 2D

Dodge 3D+2

PERCEPTION 2D

Search 3D

STRENGTH 1D

Brawling: pincers 2D+1

Special Abilities:

Pinch: STR+1D damage

Shell: STR+1 to resist damage

Move: 2 (Land), 4 (water)

D20 Game Stats

Golden Crab: Ocean Scavenger 2; Init +6; Defense 21 (+1 natural, +4 size, +6 Dex); Spd 2m walking, 4m in water; VP/WP 1/1; Atk +1 (1d2, pincers); SQ Breath underwater; SV Fort +0, Ref +6, Will -1; SZ D; Rep 1; Str 2, Dex 22, Con 4, Int 2, Wis 8, Cha 2.

Skills: Search -2, Spot +3, Swim +0.

Callayian Grayeer

Height: 1.82 m

Age: 33

Gender: Female

D6 Game Stats

Callayian Grayeer

Type: Arkanian Xenobiologist

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Brawling parry 3D, dodge 4D, running 5D

KNOWLEDGE 3D+2

Alien species 4D+2, bureaucracy 6D, cultures 4D+1, languages 5D, planetary systems 6D, science 5D, science: genetics 6D+2, science: xenobiology 8D+2, streetwise 5D, survival 4D, willpower 5D

MECHANICAL 3D

Astrogation 3D+2, repulsorlift ops 4D+1, sensors 5D+2, space transports 3D+2, starship shields 3D+1

PERCEPTION 4D

Bargain 6D+1, command 5D+2, con 6D+1, hide 5D, persuasion 7D, search 4D+1, sneak 5D

STRENGTH 2D+2

Brawling 3D+2, climbing/jumping 4D, stamina 4D+2

TECHNICAL 3D

Computer programming/repair 5D, droid repair 4D+2, first aid 4D+1, security 4D+2

Special Abilities:

Night sight: Arkanian characters can see up to 20 meters in total darkness.

Story Factors

Arrogance: Arkanians are typically arrogant, believing that they have reached the pinnacle of evolution.

Infamous: Arkanians are dedicated to aggressive scientific research. This has given them a reputation as the galaxy's mad scientists.

Force Points: 1

Character Points: 15

Move: 10

Equipment: Top-of-the-line datapad, comlink, 4000 credits; additional equipment and resources appropriate for her research project, assumed under her research grant.

D20 Game Stats

Callayian Grayeer: Female Human Expert 8; Init +0; Defense 12 (+2 Class); Spd 10m; WP 12; Atk +5/+0 melee (1d3-1, punch) or +6/+1 ranged; SQ Darkvision; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +9; SZ M (1.82m); FP 1; DSP 0; Rep 5; Str 8, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 12.

Equipment: Top-of-the-line datapad, comlink, 4000 credits; additional equipment and resources appropriate for her research project, assumed under her research grant.

Skills: Computer Use +10, Diplomacy +7, Gather Information +7, Knowledge (Alien Species) +11, Knowledge (Biology) +17, Knowledge (Bureaucracy) +14, Knowledge (Genetics) +14, Profession (Xenobiologist) +10, Pilot +4, Repair +7.

Feats: Infamy (bonus feat), Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [Biology]), Weapon Group Proficiency (Simple Weapons).

Razor grass

While not an animal, and not mobile, razor grass is a semi-common sight on Corellia, and should be mentioned due to its unpleasant nature. Razor grass is a photosynthetic plant that has evolved a truly formidable defense mechanism. The edges of the grass blades are very sharp, and while not nearly as dangerous as Eraydia's bladegrass, it still cuts through flesh, fabric and even leather fairly easily. The only creature on Corellia that eats razor grass as part of its everyday meal is the siinikuu, and it is because of the siinikuu that efforts have not been made to drastically cut down on the amount of ground that razor grass covers.

In areas where razor grass is not wanted, and siinikuus are not eating it quickly enough, the Corellian government has imported male gormalok to eat it down.

D6 Game Stats

Razor Grass

Type: Plant

Size: 1 - 2 m

DEXTERITY 0D

PERCEPTION 0D

STRENGTH 1D

Special Abilities:

Razor grass blades: 4D damage

Move: 0

D20 Game Stats

Razor Grass: Vermin 1; Init -5; Defense 5 (-5 Dex); Spd 0m; VP/WP 1/1; Atk -5 (1d6, grass); SV Fort -2, Dex -3, Will -5; SZ M; Rep 1; Str 0, Dex 0, Con 2, Int 0, Wis 0, Cha 0.

Siinikuu

The siinikuu is one of the oddities of the universe. It has three completely different stages of life, dwelling on land, in the air, and in the ocean during different stages of its life cycle.

The stage that most people think of, and recognize, as a siinikuu is the primary, or land stage. In this stage the siinikuu is a herbivore that is slow, fairly stupid and prone to accidents. About all that protects it from extinction by its predators are the number of eggs in one hatching and its favored food, razor grass roots and shoots. Its sharp beak-like mouth and long neck allow it to dig up the ground around the base of the plants, and an armored underside and legs protect it from the normally fatal grass. When in the open dunes separating the razor grass patches, it is a favored prey of the Corellian sand panther.

When the siinikuu gets to be about five years old, it starts to prepare for the second stage by finding a dense patch of razor grass and going to the center to chew out a circle. It then uses its beak to sew a tough tarp-like covering made of older blades. When the covering is finished, the siinikuu covers itself and goes into hibernation for six to eight months.

Six months pass and, provided it is not disturbed, out from the desiccated body emerges a bird, fully grown, with long colorful feathers. This is the secondary or female stage of life. Generally only one one-hundredth of the original hatchlings live to this stage. Siinikuu in this stage are highly prized for the beautiful songs they sing, their incredible feathers, and the ability to hold a breath for up to four hours. Corellian archaeologists believe that when Corellia was young, hunters used siinikuu in this stage to hunt for fish that lived off shore. It is the ability to survive under water so long that allows it to mate as well as hunt. After mating, up to fifty eggs are carefully placed in lairs along the coast, then left alone. If the eggs are not found by any number of predators, and if the blue sea duck does not push them over the cliff while making its own nest, the first stage will hatch from the eggs.

After only one nest full of eggs, or about once each fall, entire flights of the second stage seemingly commit suicide by diving into the water and not emerging. This is an event that draws bird-watchers and biologists from all over the galaxy each year. This is not actually suicide, but rather as the siinikuu hits the water, it sheds its feathers and gradually, over several years, becomes the third or male stage. From a hatchling to this stage only one in every thousand survive.

The final stage is as a fairly large ocean-dwelling mammal, with stubby fins in place of wings, a long powerful tail, and two small feet. This stage is fully capable of living and breathing underwater. However, it can still climb onto beaches and rocks when hunting. It is one of the top ocean predators, claiming all kinds of prey. The only natural predator of siinikuu in this stage is the ghost fish.

D6 Game Stats

Siinikuu: Land stage

Type: Herbivore

Size: 1.4 - 2.2 m

DEXTERITY 1D

Dodge 1D+2

PERCEPTION 2D

STRENGTH 4D

Brawling 4D+1

Special Abilities:

Bite: STR+1D+2 damage

Armor: STR+3D to resist damage to the underside, head and legs

Move: 6

Siinikuu: Air Stage

Type: Fish hunter

Size: .5 - 1 m

DEXTERITY 3D

Dodge 4D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Search 4D

STRENGTH 1D+2

Special Abilities:

Breath: Can hold breath for up to four hours

Move: 2 (land) 4 (water) 14 (Air)



Siinikuu- Tracy Hart

Siinikuu: Ocean Stage

Type: Ocean hunter

Size: 4-6 m

DEXTERITY 2D

Dodge 3D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Search 4D

STRENGTH 2D+2

Brawling 3D

Special Abilities:

Breath: Can breathe water or air

Bite: STR+1D damage

Move: 1 (land), 15 (water)

D20 Game Stats

Siinikuu - Land stage: Herd Animal 2; Init 0; Defense 15 (+5 natural); Spd 6m; VP/WP 11/15; Atk +3 (1d4+2, bite); SV Fort +5, Ref +0, Will +1; SZ M; Rep 1; Str 14, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 3.

Skills: Search +0, Spot +5, Survival +4.

Siinikuu - Air Stage: Predator 4; Init +7; Defense 15 (+1 natural, +1 size, +3 Dex); Spd 2m, 4m swim, 14 fly (good); VP/WP 19/12; Atk +5 (1d6, bite), +5 (1d4, claw); SQ Hold breath (4 hours); SV Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +3; SZ S; Rep 3; Str 10, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 4, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: Hide +8, Listen +7, Move Silently +4, Spot +10.

Feats: Improved Initiative.

Siinikuu - Ocean Stage: Predator 6; Init +0; Defense 12 (+4 natural, -2 size); Spd 1m, 15m swim; VP/WP 68/48; Atk +12 (2d8+8, bite); SQ Breath underwater; SV Fort +12, Ref +5, Will +4; SZ H; Rep 1; Str 26, Dex 10, Con 24, Int 4, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: Hide +5, Intimidate +4, Listen +4, Spot +7, Swim +14.

Feats: Track.

Jarranalope

The jarranalope is a plains dwelling omnivore that eats everything from roots and seeds to the marrow from carcasses. They live in huge communal burrows that can span miles underground and exit only through holes in the ground. These holes are one of the primary causes of wild clintorian deaths.

Jarranalopes are the primary prey of the Corellian sand panther young, who take great delight in breaching one of their main tunnels and feasting on as many as they can catch. The male jarranalope are the primary hunters and gatherers of food. Their small, razor sharp horns are used for hunting other rodents and defending their lair.

The females, while lacking horns, are profoundly smarter. They are capable of using rudimentary tools, rocks, and some observers have even claimed that they use small spears. They are also the leaders of the burrows, and keepers of whatever knowledge they have. While, like the mantelian savrip, their sentience is debatable, their progress is watched closely.

The Corellian government has set aside over fifty-thousand square kilometers of wild lands for their development.

D6 Game Stats

Jarranalope

Type: Ground dwelling pest

Size: .8 to 1.4 m

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Dodge 4D, ranged weapons 3D+2, running 5D

PERCEPTION 2D+1

Hide 3D

STRENGTH 1D+2

Brawling: horns 3D

Special Abilities:

Bite: STR+2D damage

Horns: STR+1D+1

Move: 2 (burrowing) 9 (ground)

D20 Game Stats

Jarranalope: Predator 2; Init +4; Defense 17 (+2 natural, +1 size, +4 Dex); Spd 9m, 2m burrow; VP/WP 11/12; Atk +2 (1d6, bite), +2 (1d4, horns), or +7 ranged; SQ Darkvision; SV Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +1; SZ S; Rep 2; Str 8, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Skills: Hide +7, Listen +5, Move Silently +8, Spot +4.

Feats: Run.



Jarranalopes in their habitat- Tracy Hart

Silver Sidewinder

The silver sidewinder is a shelled serpent that seems to have two heads. In reality, it is two separate serpents living in the same shell. Mated sidewinders craft a mobile home that houses them for much of their lives. Inside the shell are two almost separate living areas, and a small area for eggs. The shell is always in motion, confusing some people into believing that the snake does not sleep. Actually, except during mating season, one of the snakes sleeps while the other hunts.

D6 Game Stats

Silver Sidewinder

Type: Poisonous serpent

Size: 1 – 1.2 m

DEXTERITY 2D

Dodge 2D+1

PERCEPTION 2D

Hide 2D+1, search 2D+2

STRENGTH 1D+2

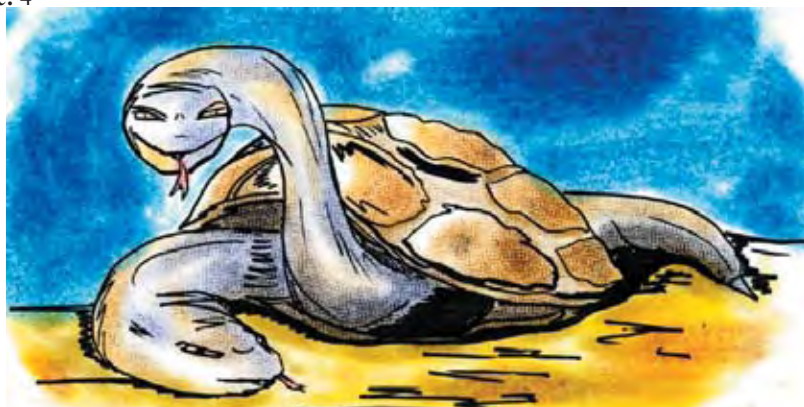
Special Abilities:

Bite: STR+1D damage

Shell: STR+1D to resist damage

Poison: Character takes 4D damage once a turn for 2D6 turns

Move: 4



Silver Sidewinder- Jim Tessier

Czothre

This land dwelling bird has long been the favorite animal to hunt on Coreellia. It has long head feathers that are various shades of green and brown, and soft body feathers that many still use in pillows. Though they were domesticated thousands of years ago, and czothre farming is common all over Coreellia, there are still several areas where they run wild.

These wild birds are generally land dwellers, although they can fly for short distances if threatened. Common habitats are deciduous forests and savannas. In open areas they commonly fall prey to small packs of the jarranalope, while in forests the Corellian sand panther and the yaeбber hound hunt them.

D6 Game Stats

Czothre

Type: Ground dwelling bird

Size: .25 to .5 m

DEXTERITY 2D

Dodge 2D+2, running 2D+2

PERCEPTION 1D

STRENGTH 2D

Special Abilities:

Peck: STR+1D damage

Move: 6

D20 Game Stats

Czothre: Herd Animal 1; Init +3; Defense 15 (+2 size, +3 Dex); Spd 6; VP/WP 3/5; Atk -1 (1d2, peck); SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will -1; SZ T; Rep 1; Str 4, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 3, Wis 8, Cha 3.

Skills: Hide +6, Search +0, Spot +2.



Czothre- Jim Tessier

Motes

Every world seems to have a type of pest that eats crops seemingly every year. Corellia is no different. The mote is a small insect that multiplies rapidly, does not have competition from other insects, and whose primary predator is slowly dying off. Motes are the only creature that Corellians are permitted to kill en-masse with chemicals and poisons.

Motes are seven to thirteen centimeters long, have four sets of wings and powerful jaws. They also glow in the dark, a capability that lasts even after death. Somewhat amazingly, small towns on Corellia have adapted this last trait into one that makes money. Mote growers have developed a method for pulping newly dead mote bodies. They mix the pulp with an unknown compound and can coat almost anything and it will glow for up to a year.

Mote swarms have been known to strip fields full of crops or animals bare in a matter of minutes. During the fall anyone in mote territory is required by law to carry a bubble cloak or some other form of protection.

D6 Game Stats

Motes

Type: Voracious insect

Size: .07-.13 m

DEXTERITY 4D

Dodge 5D

PERCEPTION 1D

STRENGTH 1D

Special Abilities:

Swarm: When attacking something, Motes swarm, dealing 4D damage each round

Glow: Motes glow in the dark

Move: 10

Cllintorrian

The largest land dwellers on Corellia are ponderous beasts called cllintorrians. This giant herbivore is the most endangered animal on Corellia, with only 193 still living in the wild. This number is up considerably from its all time low of 17 a century ago. Aggressive breeding programs, combined with slight genetic modification by Arkanian scientists, caused this dramatic increase.

While it may not seem a huge population increase at first, the fact that they live almost a thousand years and normally mate only three times during their life time brings it into much better perspective. This increase is due primarily to the discovery of a chemical compound that causes females to ovulate within a year. Domesticated cllintorrians have been separated from the wild herds long enough that they now constitute two different species, and the offspring of a mixed wild and domesticated cllintorrian mating are sterile. The domesticated version is used as a mount, but is occasionally raised exclusively for its meat or horns.

Cllintorrians inhabit plains or other locations where the ground is hard enough to support their weight. This brings them into the territory of Corellian sand panthers. Luckily, their thick hide makes them almost immune to sand panther poison. The reason for the near extinction of



Motes- Bob Rogers

D20 Game Stats

Motes: Vermin 1; Init +6; Defense 24 (+8 size, +6 Dex); Spd 10m fly; VP/WP 1/1; Atk +3 (1, bite); SQ Glow, swarm; SV Fort -3, Ref +8, Will +0; SZ F; Rep 2; Str 1, Dex 22, Con 1, Int 1, Wis 10, Cha 2.

Skills: Hide +10, Search -1, Spot +4.

Special Qualities:

Glow - Motes glow in the dark.

Swarm - When attacking something, Motes swarm dealing 1d8 damage each round.

wild cllintorrians is not the meat, which is mediocre at best, but rather their trio of horns. Normally grey of color, when the outer oxidized layer is peeled back, the horns appear a beautiful swirl of colors that can be carved and preserved for a long time. Each horn is very valuable and sells for over ten thousand credits, and more if it is carved.

Cllintorrians are stupid animals and frequently hurt themselves in accidents. Equally unfortunate is that they normally live in the same areas as the jarranalope. At least ten times a year veterinarians treat broken cllintorrian legs. Repulsorlifts are not allowed near cllintorrian herds, both for the safety of the cllintorrian and that of the driver, for the engine noise sounds like the mating call of females. Unless threatened, freshly awakened or near a repulsor, they are a very gentle species.

D6 Game Stats

Cllintorrian

Type: Large Herbivore

Size: 4 - 6 m

DEXTERITY 1D

Dodge 1D+1, running 3D

PERCEPTION 1D

STRENGTH 4D+2

Brawling 5D

Special Abilities:

Bite: STR+1D damage

Gore: STR+1D+2 damage with horn

Thick Hide: STR+1D to resist damage

Move: 5, 15 (Charge)

D20 Game Stats

Cllintorrian: Herd Animal 4; Init +0; Defense 16 (+8 natural, -2 size); Spd 5m; VP/WP 40/48; Atk +8 (1d8+8, bite), +8 (2d6+8, gore); SQ Trample; SV Fort +11, Ref +1, Will +8; SZ H; Rep 3; Str 26, Dex 10, Con 24, Int 1, Wis 10, Cha 2.

Skills: Listen +6.

Corellian Blue Sea Duck

This aquatic bird is a delicacy on Corellia. It is found all over the planet's coastal regions, but its population is particularly dense in the waters around the Golden Beaches. Elsewhere, it eats almost any small sea animal, insects, and some grains, but near the Golden Beaches its diet consists mostly of golden crabs year-round. They compete with siinikuu for nesting ground in rock faces, and their eggs frequently fall prey to pike birds.

It is somewhat surprising that they mostly fall prey, not to an air or land predator, but rather to the ghost fish, which jumps out of the water to catch them in flight. Everything from their legs to their feathers and eyes are a shade of blue, from a greenish blue on their upper side to the very deep blue under their feathers.

D6 Game Stats

Corellian Blue Sea Duck

Type: Aquatic bird

Size: .5 – 1 m

DEXTERITY 2D

Dodge 3D+1

PERCEPTION 2D

Search 3D+1, survival 2D+2

STRENGTH 1D+2

Brawling 2D, swimming 2D+2

Move: 4, 12 (fly)



Corellian Blue Sea Duck- Isaac James

D20 Game Stats

Corellian Sea Duck: Predator 2; Init +7; Defense 14 (+1 size, +3 Dex); Spd 4m, 12m fly; VP/WP 10/12; Atk +1 (1d6, bite); SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +2; SZ S; Rep 2; Str 10, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 3, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: Hide +6, Spot +5, Swim +4.

Feats: Improved Initiative.

Corellian Berg Goat

The most efficient grazer on Corellia is the berg goat. This four-horned, two-tusked critter lives on steep hills and mountain passes getting around with dainty steps or great jumps, and nothing in between. The berg goat has two coat colors operating as camouflage: white during the colder months; and brown for the summer ones. The white coat is shed at one time in spring, while the brown one is gradually replaced by the white in the fall. Tame berg goats will allow their keepers to peel off the winter coat practically whole.

The berg goat eats obnoxious plants, weeds and berries, and is frequently kept by families and the government for this purpose. Some people on Corellia believe that berg goat milk is the best milk for cheese-making, and there are several berg goat milk farms in the more hilly territories. They are the primary prey of the yaebbber hound.

D6 Game Stats

Corellian Berg goat

Type: Mountain dwelling herbivore

Size: 1-1.5 m

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Dodge 4D+1, running 4D

PERCEPTION 2D

Search 2D+1, sneak 2D+1, survival: mountains 4D+2

STRENGTH 3D

Brawling 3D+1, jumping 6D+2

Special Abilities:

Ram: STR+1D damage

Jump: can jump up to 10 meters vertical or 30 meters horizontal

Move: 9



D20 Game Stats

Corellian Berg Goat: Herd Animal 4; Init +2; Defense 12 (+2 Dex); Spd 9m; VP/WP 18/14; Atk +3 (1d6+1, ram); SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +2; SZ M; Rep 1; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 3.

Skills: Jump +11, Spot +2, Survival +6.

Feats: Skill Emphasis (Jump).



Air skimmer

The primary predator of the motes is a flying mammal. Fur covers every part of the air skimmer's body, including its large mouth. Roughly a meter long and three meters wide, from wingtip to wingtip, the skimmer looks a little like a flying womp rat with an extra large mouth. To catch the motes, it flies high up in the air and then dives down into a swarm. While flying through the swarm it opens its jaw wide to catch a mouth-full, then flies up into the air to chew and swallow, only to repeat the process until it can't fly any longer. Though there is still a large population of air skimmers, they never seem to gain a handle on the mote population. Complicating matters is that their birth rate is dropping, and has been doing so for several decades. If this trend continues, their population is expected to diminish to a point where they no longer even dent the mote population - an eventuality anticipated sometime in the next fifty years.

Strangely, after eating, air skimmers seem to glow with the same light as motes. This led researchers into uncovering the chemical that allows the glow of motes to continue well after their death. The eyes of an air skimmer always glow the same as a mote. They seem to get along with all other animals, living in a symbiotic relationship in which they are not hunted, and in return they keep other animals free of mote swarms.

D6 Game Stats

Air skimmer

Type: Airborne Insectivore

Size: 1 m

DEXTERITY 2D

Dodge 3D+1

PERCEPTION 3D

Search 5D, sneak 5D+1, survival 3D+2

STRENGTH 1D+2

Brawling 2D

Special Abilities:

Bite: STR+1D damage

Move: 2, 10 (fly), 20 (dive)

D20 Game Stats

Air skimmer: Predator 1; Init +7; Defense 14 (+1 size, +3 Dex); Spd 2m, 10m fly; VP/WP 6/12; Atk +2 (1d6, bite); SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +3; SZ S; Rep 1; Str 10, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 3, Wis 16, Cha 10.

Skills: Hide +7, Search +0, Spot +7.

Feats: Improved Initiative.



Skimmer- Isaac James

Pike Bird

The long beaked pike bird is not native to the coasts of Corellia. They are egg-eating scavengers, the bane of birds and bird watchers along the coast. In a bad year these critters can almost totally devastate the native populations, like the sea duck or the phase two siinikuu. Another outrage they perform is the leaving of droppings all over cities, statues and vehicles. All attempts to eradicate the species have failed, each time costing the Corellian government millions of credits, only to see a few years pass before the population recovers to be as large as ever.

For the last several hundred years there have not been any government sponsored eradication events. Rather, government agencies have told Corellians and visitors that pike birds are perfectly permissible moving target practice. While sometimes leaving quite a mess behind, shooters ranging from professional bounty hunters to children with slingshots have kept the population to reasonable levels. This, of course, has created a large uproar with animal rights groups. The government's response has been, and remains, "Until a better method is found to keep pike bird population down, this method will continue."

D6 Game Stats

Pike Bird

Type: Airborne egg stealer

Size: .3 - .4 m

DEXTERITY 2D

Dodge 4D

PERCEPTION 2D

Search 3D+1, sneak 3D+1, survival 2D+2

STRENGTH 1D+2

Brawling 2D

Special Abilities:

Peck: STR+1D damage

Move: 5, 15 (fly)

D20 Game Stats

Pike Bird: Scavenger 2; Init +5; Defense 17 (+2 size, +5 Dex); Spd 5m, 15m fly; VP/WP 5/4; Atk +0 (1d3, peck); SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +0; SZ T; Rep 3; Str 4, Dex 20, Con 8, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 2.

Skills: Hide +7, Search +1, Spot +3, Survival +2.

Yaebber Hound

The yaebber hound, friend and guardian of Corellians for millennia, was first domesticated to help hunt and herd berg goats. From then on, they have adapted to many roles in Corellian society, from family pets to police aids. Over the course of that time there have also been those that were not domesticated - the wild hounds. Stories of their hunts, and tales that 'the Wild Hunt' will get them if they are bad, are still used to scare little children to go to bed early or eat their vegetables.

Physically, the domesticated yaebber hound is much like the wild variety. Both have black fur, a black, wet nose and front legs that are two times longer than their back legs. The domesticated hound has double jointed front legs and walks on its knees most of the time. When they run, they extend their legs fully and use them as swings and their back legs as springs.

The wild hound lacks sufficient padding on their knees, so they normally move in the swing-spring style. Both the domesticated breeds and the wild ones have arms capable of circular motion and semi-opposable thumbs.

The name of the yaebber hounds comes from the way they communicate with one another. This is commonly one yip or bark followed by clicks and whistles. Once called Jabber hounds, the name has been gradually mutated to Yaebber hounds.

When hunting, the wild pack's favorite prey is the berg goat. Somewhat strangely at times, they hunt in a fashion that indicates a capacity for forethought, something very rare in animals. Some scientists believe that yaebbber hounds may be far more intelligent than they are given credit for.

D6 Game Stats

Yaebbber Hound

Type: Mountain predator

Size: .5 to 1.8 m

DEXTERITY 4D

Dodge 4D+2

PERCEPTION 2D

Search 3D+1, sneak 4D+1

STRENGTH 3D+1

Brawling 4D

Special Abilities:

Bite: STR+2D damage

Move: 12

D20 Game Stats

Yaebbber Hound: Predator 4; Init +3;

Defense 14 (+1 natural, +3 Dex); Spd 12m; VP/WP 30/16; Atk +6 (1d8+2, bite); SV Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +2; SZ M; Rep 2; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 3, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Skills: Hide +7, Intimidate +3, Listen +4, Move silently +7, Spot +4.

Feats: Track.



Yebber Hound- Tracy Hart

Ghost fish

The ghost fish, long believed a legend by the Corellian people, is a dangerous sea predator and is very real. It lives in the deep sea, rarely venturing into coastal shallows. This very pale grey and pasty critter is a warm blooded mammal, not a fish as its name implies. For a long time they lived in the trenches of the ocean, only occasionally coming to the surface. Recently however, some have been leaving the depths and moving to shallow waters. Due to the small number of ghost fish that live near the surface, coastal ecosystems have not been harmed tremendously.

A government warning has been issued to stay away from the water when one of these creatures is nearby. Pictures of it leaping up to ten meters into the air to catch a blue sea duck scare most away. For those that are not scared, tales of sunken repulsorlifts and smashed fishing boats generally do the trick.

The single specimen to be caught not only contained the bodies of several missing fishermen, but also several antique devices, a three hundred year old bottle of wine, and a small chest of gems. Treasure hunters sometimes attack these creatures, and more often than not, they do not return from their hunt.

While the ghost fish's skin appears to be smooth, quite the opposite is true. The captured specimen's skin was actually very thick and when examined closely, it was rubbed the wrong way by a student, causing lacerations to his hand. It had two rows of teeth, and both rows were very functional and strong enough to cut through thin metal. Its body was rather small for its mouth size.

Currently, they seem to be centered around several towns on the western tip of the continent. Locals in one of the towns on that coast are offering a reward of 20,000 credits, plus whatever treasure the creature may have swallowed.

GM's note: The Ghost fish are very powerful predators. It is entirely possible that the Empire, a private Corporation, or perhaps the Yuuzhan Vong are tampering with them as an experiment. Having the PC's hunt one could lead to interesting 'Jaws'-like encounters, and eventually might evolve into several adventures to discover who is messing with them and why.

D20 Game Stats

Ghost Fish: Predator 12; Init -2; Defense 8 (+8 natural, -8 size, -2 Dex); Spd 22 swim; VP/WP 270/368; Atk +23/+18/+13 (4d8+19, bite); SQ Breath underwater, swallow whole; SV Fort +26, Ref +6, Will +6; SZ C; Rep 3; Str 48, Dex 6, Con 46, Int 4, Wis 15, Cha 9.

Skills: Hide -15, Intimidate +5, Jump +27, Listen +5, Spot +8, Swim +23.

Feats: Power Attack.

D6 Game Stats

Ghost Fish

Type: Ocean predator

Size: 15-25 m

DEXTERITY 2D+2

Dodge 3D+2

PERCEPTION 3D

Search 4D

STRENGTH 7D

Swim 8D+1

Special Abilities:

Bite: STR+3D damage

Swallow whole: If the attack roll is 10 higher than the target's dodge, the ghost fish swallows the target whole, causing 4D damage/round until freed.

Tough hide: STR+1D to resist damage; if rubbed the wrong way, it causes 2D damage

Move: 22



Ghost fish- Tracy Hart



by Gary Astleford

The Basics of Shockboxing

Originally conceived well before the Rise of the Empire, shockboxing is much like traditional boxing in that employs specific fighting styles, sets of rules, and codes of conduct. Instead of padded gloves, shockboxers utilize insulated gauntlets, called shockboxing gloves. These gauntlets release stunning charges upon impact in a dazzling display of light and sound. The charges delivered by the gloves increase in strength as a match progresses, ensuring that a bout will end with only one contestant standing. The danger, excitement, and spectacle provided by a professional Shockboxing match has made it the premiere gladiatorial sport in the galaxy.

A Beginner's Guide to Shockboxing

Shockboxers are widely considered to be the gladiators of the Star Wars universe; selling their martial prowess in exchange for fame and fortune. Some of the most dangerous combatants in the galaxy are counted as members of this exclusive fraternity. Most major cities on the core worlds have at least one shockboxing venue. However there are always exceptions, such as the pacifistic Alderaan. Training in the sport is rigorous, requiring both strength of body and resilience of mind. Though amateurs abound, only a select few are worthy to claim the esteemed mantle of a shockboxer.

Shockboxing takes place in a hexagonal ring, ten meters from end to end. Each corner of the ring represents one of the six principles that the sport's training regimen espouses: Honor, Strength, Bravery, Brotherhood, Mercy and Sacrifice. Each shockboxer is assigned a corner of the ring, to which he is required to retire to after each round ends. These are traditionally the corners of Honor and Brotherhood, though ranking champions are often permitted to decide which corner they will occupy.

The ring is elevated two meters above the ground, in

order to allow the audience an unobstructed view of the event. Encircling the ring are two cables, typically made of triple-braided durasteel, which serve to mark its boundaries. A typical shockboxing match lasts

six rounds, with each round being two minutes in length. Between each round the shockboxers are allowed to rest for sixty seconds. During this rest period the shockboxer's retinue can administer minor first aid, give advice, and replace or repair faulty or malfunctioning equipment.

The strength of the charge delivered by a shockboxer's gloves is adjusted upwards by the referee at the end of every second round, starting at the "Low" setting and eventually reaching the "High" setting with the conclusion of the fifth round. This adds to the thrill and tension of the game, as the chances for a knock-out grow with each successive round that passes. Specially-designed referee droids, programmed to be impartial and equipped with a detailed knowledge of the sport, are used to adjudicate bouts. If a knock-out hasn't been declared by the end of the sixth round, additional rounds are added. In the event that a winner hasn't been determined by the end of the tenth round, the match is declared a draw.

Decades of study, mixed liberally with exotic and alien fighting styles, have created a hybrid martial art that no two practitioners employ the same way. The rules of the game stress that no strikes are made below an opponent's waist, with the majority of strikes designed to impact his chest, abdomen, and head. The ultimate goal of shockboxing is to incapacitate your opponent, while simultaneously resisting his attempts to incapacitate you. The only way to truly win a match is to knock your opponent out.

Shockboxers in the Galaxy

Shockboxing is widely practiced through the galaxy. Although there are species-only guilds and leagues (such as the Taqma-Ssa, whose membership is strictly Barabel), the most popular and widely-followed are those that do not restrict their membership. The most publicized of these leagues, the Ring, boasts over a million members and sponsors events across known space.

The most successful shockboxers by far are Barabels, a species that hails from the planet Barab I. Barabel males are trained from an early age in intricacies of the shockboxing art. Formalized shockboxing has been used for decades to settle disputes amongst the Barabel clans. Since the sport

was introduced to the indigenous population by colonists, open warfare between competing clans has been reduced dramatically.

The reasons that individuals are drawn into the shockboxing ring are as varied as the individuals themselves. Successful shockboxers can become celebrities overnight, famous from one end of the galaxy to the other. Contracts with sponsors and leagues can likewise make skillful fighters rich beyond measure. Even though wealth and prestige are powerful incentives, many shockboxers simply fight out of a love for the sport.

The Shady Side of Shockboxing

The criminal element has been involved in promoting shockboxing ever since it was conceived. While the philosophy behind shockboxing is one of moral absolutes, such as Mercy and Honor, the underbelly of the sport is as foul and wicked as a nest of k'lor'slugs. It is only a matter of time before any thriving shockboxer is exposed to this ugliness, and he must either adapt to it or risk his own liquidation.

Criminal organizations use legitimate shockboxing to spread gambling and vice, while operating their own underground rings to promote illegal blood sports where losers never get a second chance. The champions of these underground matches are often little better than murderers, paid to kill their opponents for the pleasure of a bloodthirsty crowd.

In the most popular of these illegal shockboxing variations, the contestants fight to the death using gloves modified to give randomized shocks. High-profile matches occasionally include sanctioned shockboxing champions in the line-up. These shockboxers moonlight in the underground rings, slumming for extra credits or merely looking for something more exciting than the clean matches of the legitimate leagues.

Shockboxers have also been known to do the occasional odd job, especially if their career has taken a nose dive. Instances of shockboxers fighting on behalf of nobles in underground duels, hiring on as ad-hoc assassins, or chasing after bounties have all been documented. During the Rebellion Era, several famous shockboxers disappeared from the public eye. Although reports detailing these instances are scarce, it is thought that many of the shockboxers in question had joined the Rebellion.

The Shockboxer Prestige Class

Requirements

To qualify to become a Shockboxer, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Base Attack Bonus: +6.

Skills: Intimidate 4 ranks.

Feats: Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (shockboxing gloves), Martial Arts.

Special: A character wishing to apprentice as a shockboxer must first find a mentor who is willing to teach him. Once accepted as an apprentice, a shockboxer must affiliate himself with his mentor's guild or league and swear to uphold the Six Principles.

Game Rule Information

Vitality: Shockboxers gain 1d10 Vitality points per level. The character's Constitution modifier applies.

Class Skills

The Shockboxer's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are as follows:

Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Disguise (Cha), Entertain (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Knowledge (Int), Profession (Wis), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis), and Tumble (Dex).

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

The following are features of the shockboxer prestige class.

The Six Principles

The Six Principles (referred to as "the Six" by shockboxers) are established ideals that govern the conduct of shockboxers. Each shockboxer is sworn to uphold the Six Principles. Failure to do so can lead to an athlete's expulsion from his league or guild. Such outcasts are usually shunned, sometimes violently, by their former peers. More than just a code of ethics, the Six Principles are a spiritual path that allows a shockboxer to withstand the rigorous physical and mental challenges that he must face, both in his apprenticeship and eventual career. The Six Principles include Honor, Strength, Bravery, Brotherhood, Mercy, and Sacrifice.

Honor

Honor represents the shockboxer's solemn vow to uphold the Six Principles in the face of all opposition or temptation. Sometimes viewed as the most important of the Six, a shockboxer's sense of honor dictates much of his behavior, as well as his standing amongst his fellows. Shockboxers must always fight honorably, even against dishonorable opponents. "Dirty" fighting is frowned upon, and cheating of any sort is grounds for immediate dismissal in most leagues.

Strength

Beyond the gloves and armor, a shockboxer's primary weapon is himself. Strength represents a shockboxer's commitment to remain in top physical shape. This takes the form of near-constant training and conditioning, honing the body until both strength and reflexes have reached their peaks.

Bravery

If the Principle of Strength represents a shockboxer's commitment to his physical being, then the Principle of Bravery represents his duty to remain mentally strong and unwavering in the face of both pain and fear. A shockboxer must be resolute when facing enemies and obstacles, exuding calm self-confidence even in the presence of overwhelming odds.

Brotherhood

Shockboxers who belong to different leagues or guilds recognize that they are all of the same spirit. Each has taken an oath to uphold a stringent code of ethics, and each shockboxer shares similar experiences through training, conditioning, and competition. The Principle of Brotherhood establishes that every shockboxer belongs to the same family, regardless of species or league affiliation. A shockboxer is thus honor-bound to aid another shockboxer who requests his assistance, so long as the request does not violate the Six.

Mercy

The Principle of Mercy establishes that, even though their path is rife with violence and pain, a shockboxer must be capable of tenderness and compassion. Although death is an omnipresent concern, a foe who does not live to learn from his transgressions has served little purpose. Mercy dictates that shockboxers must seek to ease the suffering of their friends, as well as accept the honorable surrenders of their opponents.

Sacrifice

Of the Six Principles, Sacrifice is probably the most widely disregarded of the Principles. The Principle of Sacrifice teaches that purity of spirit can only be maintained if one is willing to sacrifice the vices and comforts of everyday life. Wealth, power, and luxury are to be shunned so that a shockboxer's inner purity will remain unblemished by greed, envy, or sloth. In the high-profile world of legitimate shockboxing, this Principle is fast becoming the exception rather than the rule.

Starting Feats

The shockboxer gains the following feats:

Armor Proficiency (light), Weapon Group Proficiency (simple weapons), Weapon Group Proficiency (vibro weapons)

Blinding Strike

At 5th level, a shockboxer gains the ability to temporarily blind and daze opponents using the energy field from his gloves in a grazing attack to their eyes (or other visual organs). The shockboxer must declare his intention to use this ability and take a full-round action to do so, with the attack roll having a -6 penalty. If successful, the shockboxer's opponent takes half damage from the strike, and must make a Reflex save (DC 20) to avoid being blinded for a number of rounds equal to the shockboxer's class level. This attack has no effect on creatures or aliens that have no eyes, and protective eye-wear or helmets may grant some degree of protection at the GM's discretion.

Bonus Feats

At 3rd, 6th, and 9th level, a shockboxer gets a bonus feat. This feat must be drawn from the following list, and the shockboxer must meet any prerequisites.

Acrobatic, Advanced Martial Arts, Ambidexterity, Athletic, Blind-Fight, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Defensive Martial Arts, Endurance, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Improved Martial Arts, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Infamy, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Power Attack, Quickness, Stamina, Toughness, Two Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse (shockboxing gloves), Weapon Focus (shockboxing gloves).

The Shockboxer

Level	BAB	Fort	Ref	Will	Special	Def	Rep
1st	+1	+2	+1	+0	Stun Resistance +1	+1	+1
2nd	+2	+3	+2	+0	Improved Blocking	+2	+2
3rd	+3	+3	+2	+1	Bonus Feat	+2	+2
4th	+4	+4	+2	+1	Stun Resistance +2	+2	+3
5th	+5	+4	+3	+1	Blinding Strike	+3	+4
6th	+6	+5	+3	+2	Bonus Feat	+3	+4
7th	+7	+5	+4	+2	Stun Resistance +3	+4	+5
8th	+8	+6	+4	+2	Increased Threat Range	+4	+6
9th	+9	+6	+4	+3	Bonus Feat	+4	+6
10th	+10	+7	+5	+3	Stun Resistance +4	+5	+7

Improved Blocking

At 2nd level, the shockboxer is able to deflect blows using his gloves, inflicting damage upon unarmed attackers. This adds a +2 bonus to the shockboxer's AC versus melee attacks (including lightsabers), and any unarmed attacker that subsequently misses the shockboxer takes damage as if struck by the shockboxer's glove (note that this damage roll includes the Strength bonus of the attacker, not the shockboxer).

Increased Threat Range

At 8th level, a shockboxer's threat range fighting unarmed or with shockboxing gloves increases by one grade (20 becomes 19-20, 19-20 becomes 18-20, and so on).

Stun Resistance

Constant exposure to stunning attacks hardens a trained shockboxer against them. At 1st, 4th, 7th, and 10th levels, the shockboxer gains a cumulative +1 bonus to resist stun attacks from shock gloves. This bonus also applies to Fortitude saves against stunning weapons (i.e., blasters set on stun, stun batons, force pikes, etc.), and shockboxers that successfully resist a stunning attack are not considered stunned for 1 round.



Shockboxing Equipment

Like any sport, shockboxing requires specialized equipment. Foremost among these are shockboxing gloves and shockboxing armor. Although these items are easy to acquire, shockboxing gloves require the purchaser to have a valid permit which indicates that he has been trained in their use.

Shockboxing Gloves

Shockboxing gloves are fingerless and constructed of an insulating material woven through with conductive fibers. Each glove is equipped with a control unit, mounted on the inside of the glove's wrist, which is used to activate the gloves and regulates the charge that is released when an opponent is struck.

Mass-market shockboxing gloves are programmed by the manufacturer to only discharge stunning blows. However, it is possible to either jury-rig or find pairs capable of lethal shocks on the black market for triple the standard price. Modified gloves are notoriously unstable and dangerous. When fighting with altered gloves, any unmodified attack roll result of "1" indicates that the user has stunned himself, and must make a Fortitude save (DC 16).

In addition to "stun" and "lethal" settings, shockboxing gloves have three sub-settings: Low, Medium and High. The sub-setting determines the strength of the jolt that the gloves deliver upon contact with an opponent. There is an after-market modification which randomizes the glove charge, though this is typically only used in underground matches.

Shockboxing gloves are voice-activated. When turned on, they project a crackling, multi-hued field of energy around the hands of the wielder. This energy field extends two centimeters from the shockboxer's hands, and noisily discharges into a target upon impact. The field created by a pair of shockboxing gloves naturally repels the field created by the gloves of an opponent, allowing shockboxers to parry blows with their gloves.

A shockboxer who has activated his gloves is unable to manipulate anything with his hands, and this also prevents him from wielding weapons or grappling opponents. Each glove in a pair requires a separate energy cell to function.

D20 Stats

Cost: 500 credits/pair

Damage: Variable, see table below

Critical: The Critical Range for a shockboxing attack is equal to the unarmed Critical Range of the attacker (which may be improved by the Martial Arts, Improved Martial Arts, or Advanced Martial Arts feats).

Weight: 2 kg

Type: Bludgeoning

Size: Small

Group: Exotic

* When set to "stun," the damage inflicted by shock gloves is equal to the boxer's standard punching damage (including any bonuses for Strength).

**The Fortitude DC

to resist unconsciousness depends on the chosen setting. When set to lethal, not only do the gloves inflict damage as indicated, but a Fortitude save versus the listed DC must be made to resist the gloves' standard stun effects.

*** Standard shockboxing gloves are not capable of delivering lethal damage. Gloves with this capability must be modified or purchased on the black market for triple the normal price.

Setting	Save vs Stun (Fort) **	Damaage
Stun, Low	10	Punch*
Stun, Medium	14	Punch*
Stun, High	18	Punch*
Lethal, Low***	12	Punch +1d4
Lethal, Medium	16	Punch +1d6
Lethal, High	20	Punch +1d8

D6 Stats

Model: Standard Shockboxing Gloves

Type: Powered Brawling Weapon

Scale: Character

Cost: 500/pair

Availability: 2, F

Difficulty: Moderate

Damage: STR+1D Stun

Game Notes: Shockboxing gloves can be set to three power settings: Low, Medium, and High. Each setting higher than "Low" adds an additional +1D of stun damage, to a maximum of STR+3D (for the "High" setting). After-market modifications and jury-rigs can transform standard gloves into lethal weapons. Such models cost up to 1500 credits per pair, and the damage is considered to be lethal.

Shockboxing Armor

Insulated armor that protects the wearer from stun damage is worn by shockboxers in both sanctioned and underground matches. Although the armor is primarily used in the shockboxing venue, the armor rigid enough to provide limited protection from other forms of physical attacks as well. The styles of shockboxing armor that are worn range from austere to baroque, and tend to reflect both the success and personality of the individual wearing it. Skilled shockboxers often eschew this limited protection altogether.

Some of the finest suits of shockboxing armor are handmade by skilled craftsmen on Barab I. Such shockboxing armors are lighter, tougher, and form-fitted to the wearer's unique physique. These suits are often improved in all categories (increased Damage Reduction, reduced Armor Check Penalty, etc.). These armors are considered Mastercraft items, and must be custom-made. They are prohibitively expensive, and are rarely available to non-Barabels. Anyone wearing a suit of custom armor that isn't specifically made for them suffers an additional Armor Check Penalty of -3, in addition to the penalty inherent to the suit.

Shockboxing armor protects the head, torso, forearms, and thighs, and is considered light armor.

D20 Stats- Standard Armor

Cost: 1,000 credits

Defense Bonus: +4*

Armor Check Penalty: -2

Weight: 7 kg

Custom Armor

Cost: 5,000 credits

Defense Bonus: +5*

Armor Check Penalty: -1

Weight: 4 kg

*: Shock armor grants a bonus of +3 to Fortitude saves made to resist stunning attacks, such as from shock gloves, blasters set to stun, stun batons, force pikes, etc. Some custom-made suits have higher bonuses.

D6 Stats- Standard Armor

Model: Standard Shockboxing Armor

Type: Light Armor

Scale: Character

Cost: 1000

Availability: 2, F

Game Notes: Provides the wearer with a +1D bonus to Strength rolls when resisting stunning attacks, as well as a +2 pip bonus to resist both Physical and Energy damage. The wearer's Dexterity score (and all associated skills) are reduced by -2 pips.

D6 Stats- Custom Armor

Model: Custom-Made Shockboxing Armor

Type: Personalized Light Armor

Scale: Character

Cost: 8000

Availability: 3, F

Game Notes: Provides the wearer with a +1D bonus to Strength rolls when resisting stunning attacks, as well as a +1D bonus to resist both Physical and Energy damage. Anyone wearing a suit of custom shockboxing armor that isn't specifically made for them suffers a -1D to Dexterity (and all associated skills), in addition to any normal penalties.

Random Charge Generator

During some underground matches the shockboxing gloves used by the contestants are modified so that the force of the charge delivered is random. This modification is referred to as a random charge generator. Random charge generators are highly illegal in most systems, and typically cost 500 credits.

To reflect the effects of an active random charge generator, have each contestant roll 1d6 in addition to 1d20 when rolling to hit. Cross-index the 1d6 roll on the chart below to determine the level of damage inflicted:

Roll (1d6)	Charge	Level
1	Stun	Low
2	Lethal	Low
3	Stun	Medium
4	Lethal	Medium
5	Stun	High
6	Lethal	High

Shockboxing Rings

Elevated above the crowd, so as to provide fans with an excellent view, shockboxing rings are hexagonal in shape and span ten meters across. The floor of the ring is constructed from a thick fabric that is stretched taut around a durasteel frame, though on Barab I the thick hide of the tyrrssi (a large, predatory reptile) is traditionally used. The ring is enclosed by two durasteel cables that can be charged with a low-strength electric current (d20: stun DC of 8 if touched/D6: 2D of stun damage if touched) for high-stakes bouts.

The floor of the ring is decorated by a six-pointed star, with each of the star's points forming a corner. Each corner represents one of the Six Principles that comprise the Shockboxing code of ethics and is equipped with a molecular induction field that is tuned to affect the metabolic processes of any boxer that stands within them. Experienced shockboxers will maneuver themselves or their opponents into specific corners in order to take advantage of an induction field's effects.

The effects of an induction field last only as long as a boxer remains within that corner, and the effects of each corner are detailed below:

D20 Stats

Molecular Induction Field Effects

(Corner; Effect)

Honor; +2 to all hand-to-hand to-hit rolls

Strength; +2 to all Fortitude saves

Bravery; +2 to all Will saves

Brotherhood; All damage done to boxer(s) in this corner is reduced by 2 Mercy; Restores 2 Vitality points per round

Sacrifice; +2 to the AC of any boxer(s) in this corner, but all to-hit rolls made there are penalized by -2

D6 Stats

Molecular Induction Field Effects

(Corner; Effect)

Honor; +1D to all Brawling skill rolls

Strength; +1D to all Strength rolls to resist damage and/or Stun

Bravery; +1D to all Intelligence, Willpower or Control skill rolls

Brotherhood; Damage done to boxer(s) in this corner is reduced by -1D Mercy; Reduces the amount of "Stuns" affecting a character by 1 per round (see SWD6, page 97)

Sacrifice; +1D to all Brawling Parry skill rolls made in this corner, -1D to all Brawling skill rolls

Fully-functional shockboxing rings are expensive to construct, and require traditional league approval prior to their official use. The cost to construct a standard ring is somewhere in the neighborhood of 100,000 credits, not including accommodations for spectators or other amenities. League inspectors, each of whom is an experienced boxer in his or her own right, have stringent criteria that must be met before guild approval can be granted.

League inspection of a facility is often times free of charge, though "donations" to the individual leagues and/or inspectors can speed the process along substantially. Some leagues are more prestigious than their peers, making their attentions much sought-after. The approvals of several shockboxing leagues can be bestowed upon a single venue, which can make for some interesting politics when fighters from separate leagues issue challenges against one another.

Referee Droids

The Kalibac Industries Rfr-3 series is the most popularly-used referee droid. The droid monitors all aspects of a shockboxing bout, keeping meticulous track of the number of blows landed, the physical condition of both participants, and ensuring that all league and/or guild regulations are adhered to. Equipped with a loudspeaker that is tied into its vocabulator, the droids (programmed with stern personalities and deep voices) are occasionally thrown into the role of Master of Ceremonies, announcing each match as the evening progresses.

Little more than a meter in height, the cylindrical Rfr-3 is an elegant design, especially when one considers its function. The central body of the droid tapers ever so slightly upwards from the repulsorlift generator at its "feet," and the top is capped with a spherical head equipped with glowing crimson optical sensors. The typical model is gun-metal gray, often buffed and polished to a high sheen, and stenciled with the parent league or guild's emblem.

D20 Stats

Rfr-3 Series: Hovering Referee Droid, Diplomat 2; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Defense 13 (+2 Dex, +1 Size); Spd 6 m; VP/WP 0/10; Atk -1 melee, +4 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Wil +4; SZ S; Face/Reach 2 m by 2 m/2 m; Rep +1; Str 4, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 12. Challenge Code A.

Equipment: Medical Diagnostics Package (+4 to Treat Injury), Locked Access, Loud Speaker (Can be heard clearly up to 100 meters away), Recording Unit (Audio, Video), Improved Sensor Package, Vocabulator.

Skills: Diplomacy 5 ranks, Knowledge: Shockboxing Regulations 5 ranks, Profession: Sports Referee 5 ranks, Sense Motive 5 ranks, Speak Basic, Speak Binary, Spot 2 ranks, Treat Injury 2 ranks.

Unspent Skill Points: 2.

Feats: Ambidexterity, Improved Initiative, Trustworthy, Weapon Group Proficiency (simple weapons).

Cost: 2,950 credits

D6 Stats

Rfr-3 Series Droid

Type: Referee Droid

DEXTERITY 3D

KNOWLEDGE 4D

Scholar: shockboxing regulations 5D+2

MECHANICAL 1D

PERCEPTION 3D

Persuasion 5D, search 4D+1

STRENGTH 1D

TECHNICAL 3D

First aid 5D+2

Equipped With:

Locked Access (The droid's shut-down switch is secured or internally located), Loud Speaker (Can be heard clearly up to 100 meters away), Medical Diagnostics Package (+2D to Technical: First Aid), Recording Unit (Audio & Video), Improved Sensor Package (+2 pips to all Search rolls), Vocabulator (The droid can replicate organic speech)

Move: 6 (hovering, 10 meter ceiling)

Size: 1 meter tall

Cost: 2,950 (new)

Shockboxer Characters

Described below are three shockboxer characters: Kress, a famous Barabel brute who dabbles in underground blood matches, Daliyah Emos, a shockboxer turned Rebel spy, and Riivo Lurani, a Rodian burglar who is now an enslaved shockboxer for the Nasirii Hutt clan.

Kress

Kress started his career as a mercenary, desperate to prove himself to his family. He served bravely in several conflicts, bringing honor to his name and earning a reputation as a Barabel who got things done. His mercenary career ended after he nearly died when the transport he was on was attacked by pirates. While recuperating in a squalid hospital on Ord Mantell, he had a spiritual "vision" that told him to seek out his fortune as a shockboxer.

Kress returned to Barab I and sought out a shockboxing instructor. He quickly learned all that his coach had to teach him, and eventually joined the ranks of the Taqma-Ssa. Seeking to increase his prestige, he has begun to delve into underground blood sports. He has found the pay to his liking, and is one of the hottest attractions on the nights that he fights.

A large, imposing Barabel with scarred arms and hands, Kress is a merciless killing machine. His thick scales are a dingy brown, and the bulbous red eyes above his toothy maw lack any emotion but contempt. He honors the Six Principles when they suit him, yet he is a firm believer in the adage that mercy is for the weak.

D20 Stats

Kress : Male Barabel Soldier 6/ Shockboxer 6; Init +1 (Dex); Defense 19 (+8 class, +1 Dex); Spd 10m; VP/WP 122/18; Atk +20/+15/+10/+5 melee (1d6+3, bite), +15/+10/+5 melee (3d4+5, punch/claw), +16/+11/+6/+1 melee (3d4+3+special, shockboxing gloves), +13/+8/+3 ranged; SQ Species Traits, Stun Resistance +2, Improved Blocking, Blinding Strike; SV Fort +16, Ref +6, Will +2; SZ M; FP 2; DSP 5; Rep +6; Str 16, Dex 13, Con 18, Int 12, Wis 6, Cha 8.

Equipment: Custom-made shockboxing gloves.

Skills: Climb +4, Computer Use +4, Demolitions +10, Disguise +3, Entertain +5, Intimidate +10, Jump +6, Knowledge (Taqma-Ssa) +5, Move Silently +5, Pilot +4, Profession (mercenary) +4, Profession (shockboxer) +2, Read/Write Barabel, Repair +5, Speak Barabel, Speak Basic, Treat Injury +3, Tumble +7.

Feats: Advanced Martial Arts, Armor Proficiencies (light, medium), Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency

(shockboxing gloves), Great Fortitude, Improved Martial Arts, Martial Arts, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (shockboxing gloves), Weapon Proficiencies (blaster pistols, blaster rifles, heavy weapons, primitive weapons, simple weapons, vibro weapons).

D6 Stats

Kress

Type: Barabel Shockboxer

DEXTERITY 3D+1

Blaster 7D+1, brawling parry 7D, dodge 7D+1, melee combat 7D+2, melee parry 6D+1, vehicle blasters 4D+1

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Business 3D+1, intimidation 4D+2, scholar: shockboxing 3D+2, scholar: Taqma-Ssa 3D+2, tactics 3D+1

MECHANICAL 3D

Repulsorlift operation 4D

PERCEPTION 2D+1

Con: disguise 3D+2, sneak 3D+2

STRENGTH 4D+2

Brawling: shockboxing 10D+1, climbing/jumping 6D

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Blaster repair 3D+2, computer programming/repair 3D+1, demolitions 5D+1, first aid 3D

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 16

Dark Side Points: 5

Move: 10



Daliyah Emos

Daliyah was a corporate spy for Sienar Fleet Systems, using her wiles and good looks to her employer's advantage. Many of her assignments were in support of Palpatine's New Order, an organization that she grew wary of as time went on. In the course of her assignments, she was exposed to information that she considered ethically questionable. The final straw was a communiqué regarding an alien species that Sienar had wiped out in order to strip an obscure planetoid of valuable ores. The more she perpetuated her company's agenda, the harder she found it to sleep at night.

Defecting to the Rebellion seemed the logical course of action, and she served proudly on the front lines for several years. Knowledge of her capabilities reached the ears of the Rebel command, and Daliyah was eventually given the task of infiltrating the Imperial leadership on Coruscant. She trained as a shockboxer for several months, hoping to gain a position as an Imperial official's personal bodyguard. The ploy worked.

Daliyah has thus far managed to keep her cover as Moff Dev Irwun's personal bodyguard, passing any valuable information to her Rebel friends when she gets the chance. Irwun, a long-time shockboxing aficionado, has likewise fallen under Daliyah's spell, and the two are nearly inseparable. Her true feelings for her Imperial employer-turned-lover run very deep, and the fact that she is living a lie keeps her awake at night. She's heard rumblings that Rebel command may recall her for a new assignment, and she hasn't yet decided which way to jump when that happens.

Daliyah is a slim, athletic woman who dresses professionally when on the job. Her brown hair is typically braided, and her blue eyes are hard and unforgiving. Lately she has been torn between her feelings for Dev Irwun and her loyalty to the Alliance, and this is beginning to affect her work.



D20 Stats

Daliyah Emos: Female Human Scoundrel 5/Soldier 3/Shockboxer 3; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Defense 22 (+8 class, +2 Dex, +2 Defensive Martial Arts); Spd 10m; VP/WP 80/14; Atk +11/+6 melee (1d4+2+special, shockboxing gloves), +11/+6 melee (1d4+2, punch), +11/+6 ranged (3d6, blaster pistol); SQ Illicit Barter, Lucky (1/day), Precise Attack +1, Skill Emphasis (Escape Artist), Stun Resistance +1, Improved Blocking; SV Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +3; SZ M; FP 3; DSP 2; Rep +4; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 15.

Equipment: Professional-looking suit, blaster pistol, shockboxing gloves, Imperial-issue code cylinder, deluxe security kit, datapad.

Skills: Appraise +6, Balance +8, Bluff +13, Computer Use +7, Demolitions +7, Disable Device +6, Disguise +10, Entertain +4, Escape Artist +11, Forgery +4, Gather Information +8, Hide +5, Intimidate +10, Jump +6, Knowledge (Imperial Security) +3, Knowledge (Rebel Alliance) +4, Knowledge (Sienar Fleet Systems) +6, Listen +3, Move Silently +7, Pilot +5, Read/Write Basic, Search +4, Speak Basic, Speak Durese, Spot +7, Survival +2, Treat Injury +2, Tumble +12.

Feats: Acrobatic, Ambidexterity, Armor Proficiency (light), Defensive Martial Arts, Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (shockboxing gloves), Improved Initiative, Martial Arts, Persuasive, Skill Emphasis (Escape Artist), Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Group Proficiencies (blaster pistols, blaster rifles, simple weapons).

D6 Stats

Daliyah Emos

Type: Human Shockboxer

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster 6D+2, brawling parry 7D+2, dodge 8D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+1

Intimidation 5D, languages 2D+2, scholar: Imperial security 3D, scholar: Rebel Alliance 3D+1, scholar: Sienar Fleet Systems 4D, survival 3D, value 4D

MECHANICAL 3D

Repulsorlift operation 4D

PERCEPTION 3D

Acting 3D+2, con 6D+2, con: disguise 5D+2, forgery 4D, hide 4D, investigation 5D, search 6D+2, sneak 4D+2

STRENGTH 3D+1

Brawling: shockboxing 7D+2, climbing/jumping 5D

TECHNICAL 2D+2

Computer programming/repair 4D+2, demolitions 4D+2, first aid 3D+1, security 6D+1

Force Points: 3

Character Points: 13

Dark Side Points: 2

Move: 10

Riivo Lurani

The burglar Riivo Lurani was one of Nar Shaddaa's most talented thieves. He lived well off the proceeds of his work, and always got the better part of a deal. Never below a shady endeavor, he took a contract to relieve the Nasirii Hutts of a few trinkets. The security was a bit tighter than he'd been told, and before long he found himself rotting in a Huttese dungeon.

His captor, a mid-level Hutt thug known as Berquan, was not without a sense of humor. Following one look at Riivo, he devised a fitting end to the Rodian's career: death by shockboxing. Berquan had his men strap a pair of shockboxing gloves to Riivo's hands before throwing him into the ring with one of Nar Shaddaa's most infamous underground shockboxers. As luck would have it, Riivo managed to survive three rounds before he got a lucky hit which sent his opponent, twitching like a dying sand tick, to the ground.

Berquan was initially upset, seeing as his plan to teach Riivo a lesson had been foiled. However, after some thought, he decided to take the punishment a step further by forcing Riivo to continue his amateur shockboxing career. To his master's exasperation, Riivo doesn't seem to mind. One of Berquan's other slave gladiators, an elderly Zabrak named Toyle, sees a desperate kind of potential in Riivo, and has taken to being his mentor.

Riivo is a stocky Rodian with pale green skin and silver-tinted eyes. Dressed in the garb of a slave and wearing an old mynock claw on a leather thong around his neck, he is often underestimated by his foes. Perpetually jolly and chipper, Riivo feels that he's been given a new lease on life by his master, Berquan the Hutt.

D20 Stats

Riivo Lurani: Male Rodian Fringer 8/Shockboxer 1; Init +1 (Dex); Defense 18 (+7 class, +1 Dex); Spd 10m; VP/WP 86/18; Atk +10/+5 melee (1d4+3+special, shockboxing gloves), +10/+5 melee (1d4+3, punch), +8/+3 ranged; SQ Species Traits, Bonus Class Skills (Appraise, Disable Device, Sleight of Hand), Barter, Jury Rig +4, Survival +2, Stun

Resistance +1; SV Fort +10, Ref +6, Will +2; SZ M; FP 2; DSP 0; Rep +2; Str 16, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Equipment: An old pair of used shockboxing gloves, a lucky mynock claw.

Skills: Appraise +5, Bluff +3, Climb +7, Craft (jewelry-making) +3, Disable Device +11, Gamble +2, Hide +5, Intimidate +3, Jump +5, Knowledge (Nar Shaddaa) +5, Knowledge (Nasirii Hutts) +3, Listen +4, Pilot +3, Profession (burglar) +9, Profession (slave) +2, Read/Write Basic, Read/Write Rodese, Search +11, Sleight of Hand +5, Speak Basic, Speak Huttese, Speak Rodese, Spot +4, Survival +5.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (shockboxing gloves), Martial Arts, Toughness, Track, Weapon Group Proficiencies (blaster pistols, primitive weapons, simple weapons, vibro weapons).

D6 Game Stats

Riivo Lurani

Type: Rodian Shockboxer

DEXTERITY 3D+2

Blaster 6D, brawling parry 6D+1, dodge 6D+2, melee combat 6D, melee parry 6D, pick pocket 5D

KNOWLEDGE 2D+2

Intimidation 4D, languages 3D, scholar: Nar Shaddaa 4D, scholar: Nasirii Hutts 3D+1, streetwise 5D+2, survival 4D+1, value 4D

MECHANICAL 2D+2

Repulsorlift operation 3D+1

PERCEPTION 2D+2

Con 4D, gambling 3D+1, hide 4D, search 6D, search: tracking 5D+1

STRENGTH 4D

Brawling: shockboxing 7D+1, climbing/jumping 6D

TECHNICAL 2D+1

Jewelry-making 3D, security 5D+2

Force Points: 2

Character Points: 7

Dark Side Points: 0

Move: 10

“Shockboxing” Critters

Described below is a native creature to Barab I which is prized by the Shockboxing economy. Searches for such creatures could be a change of pace for the party, and a good introduction into the large, glamorous and even shady world of shockboxing.

The Tyrsssi

Native to Barab I, the tyrsssi is a large reptilian predator that hunts alone or in small family groups. Unlike many of Barab’s predators, the tyrsssi is only semi-nocturnal, preferring instead to seek out sleeping prey during the latter half of the planet’s sweltering day and late into the afternoon. Capable of uncanny stealth despite its massive size, this ravenous beast will eat anything it finds, alive or dead.

Tyrsssi have elongated necks topped by a pair of massive, tooth-encrusted jaws. Bulging yellow eyes, attuned to the dim light of Barab’s stifling daylight hours and capable of focusing independently, peer around either side of the creature’s mouth. Standing close to 5 meters high at the shoulder with their backs covered in thick plates of silver-black keratin, tyrsssi can grow up to 8 meters in length. Their bellies, which lack the impenetrable plates that their backs possess, are instead protected by several layers of thick skin, and it is this skin that is so highly prized by the Taqma-Ssa for the floors of their shockboxing rings.

D20 Stats

Tyrsssi: Predator 6; Init -1 (Dex); Defense 13 (-1 Dex, -2 Size, +6 Natural); Spd 14 m; VP/WP 69/44; Atk +13/+7 melee (bite, 2d8+9), +13/+7 melee (claw, 2d6+9), or +3/-2 ranged; SQ DR 5/2, Darkvision, Radiation Resistance, Trample; SV Fort +11, Ref +4, Wil +4; SZ H; Face/Reach 4 m by 6 m/4 m; Str 28, Dex 8, Con 22, Int 4, Wis 14, Cha 6. Challenge Code D.

Skills: Jump +14, Listen +8, Move Silently +8, Spot +10.

Feats: Alertness, Power Attack, Stealthy.

Special Qualities:

Damage Resistance - A tyrsssi’s back is covered in layers of dense keratin, giving them a DR of 5, while the creature’s belly is covered in very thick skin which only provides a DR of 2.

Radiation Resistance - Tyrsssi gain a +4 species bonus to Fortitude checks made when resisting the effects of harmful radiation.

D6 Stats

Tyrsssi

Type: Huge predator

DEXTERITY 1D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+1

Search 6D+2, sneak 6D+2

STRENGTH 7D

Climbing/jumping 8D+2

Special Abilities:

Armor: +3D to Strength rolls when resisting damage from attacks, and +1D to Strength rolls when resisting damage from attacks that target the creature’s belly.

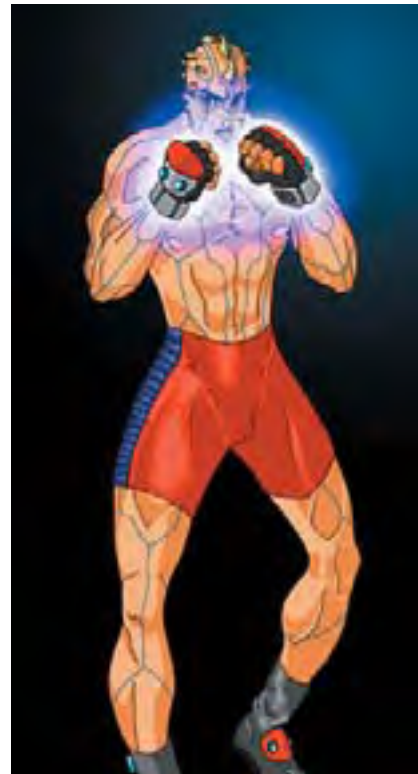
Bite: A successful bite inflicts the tyrsssi’s STR+2D in damage.

Claws: A successful claw attack inflicts the tyrsssi’s STR+1D+1 in damage.

Radiation Resistance: Being from Barab I, tyrsssi have a natural resistance to harmful radiation, and gain a +1D+1 bonus to resist it.

Move: 14

Size: 5 meters tall at the shoulder, up to 8 meters in length.



The Spice Den



Black 4-6-9

Originally created in the early days of the Old Republic, Black 4-6-9 is a formidable performance-enhancing drug. Rumors abound as to the initial creator of the drug, ranging from the burgeoning Mandalorian civilization to Sith warriors bent on conquest. Stories, some now old enough to be considered legends, tell of the fierce warriors created by the use of this substance. Many are the victories of these legendary soldiers.

Stories aside, a Doctor of Historical Chemistry at the University of Clethon traces the substance to an obscure Outer Rim warlord whose conquest of his neighbors was swift but short-lived. This warlord, using both his own knowledge and that of a large captive scientific team, wanted a drug that would empower his army no matter the costs. What the team would come up with would be a small measure of revenge for their capture.

Black 4-6-9 works all too well, causing an increase in a subject's alacrity, brainwave activity, and a number of physical aspects. However, these benefits do not come without a high price. In exchange for these immediate benefits, the user unknowingly sacrifices future years of life.

In addition to that, the drug itself is highly addictive. So addictive in fact, it can become habit-forming after only one use. With a combination of addictive enzymes and life-shortening formulas, Black 4-6-9 soon lost its charm and faded into obscurity.

In the current day, Black 4-6-9 is very expensive, very rare and highly prized. Only the galaxy's richest can afford even the search to obtain this drug. Once found however, only the richest of the rich can afford its purchase.

Black 4-6-9 is administered through the primitive method of injection, and must be taken once every 7 days to ensure its effect on the body stays constant. Black 4-6-9 is only effective on human and near-human species and can be hazardous to other species.

D20 Stats

Black 4-6-9: Performance Enhancing Drug

Cost: Not available. (Black market cost likely valued at 60,000 credits for a full year supply. Obtaining any size supply of this drug should require astronomical effort by a gaming group, and multiple gaming sessions.)

Effects: Black 4-6-9 must be taken for a number of weeks before its effects become evident (must be taken for 1d6 weeks before any bonuses apply).

While on Black, a subject receives a +1 bonus to Dexterity and Strength. Users also receive a +2 to Spot,

Search and Listen checks. Every injection of Black requires a Fortitude save (DC 15 + Weeks of Use) against addiction to the drug, and carries with it a 15% chance of permanently losing a point of Constitution and a fraction of years of a character's life (1d6 years).

Once addicted, a character must take Black injections every week to avoid facing the effects of withdrawal. Once Black injections cease, a character must make a Fortitude save (DC 25) to avoid death. If this check is successful, the character permanently loses a point of Constitution due to the physical shock. For 2d6 months, each week without the drug brings with it a Willpower save (DC 20) to prevent the character from suffering lingering mental effects such as rage or psychosis. Any mental effects can eventually be cured, but involve the efforts of a skilled psychiatrist.

D6 Stats

Black 4-6-9: Performance Enhancing Drug

Cost: Not available for sale (60,000 for a year

supply on the black market)

Availability: 4,X

Effect: Black 4-6-9 must be taken for 1D weeks before its effects kick in. While under the effect of Black you receives a +1 to DEX and STR and +1D to Search.

Each time you take Black you have to make a Stamina roll Difficulty 11+number of weeks used, or be addicted. If you roll a 1 on the Wild Die, you loose a permanent pip of Stamina and shortens your life by 1D years.

Once addicted, a character must take Black injections every week to avoid facing the effects of withdrawal. Once Black injections cease, a character must make a Stamina check Difficulty 21 or die! Even if the check is successful, the character permanently loses a pip of Stamina due to the physical shock. For 2D months, each week without the drug brings with it a Willpower roll with Difficulty 16 to prevent the character from suffering lingering mental effects such as rage or psychosis. Any mental effects can eventually be cured, but involve the efforts of a skilled psychiatrist.



The Lonely Gamorrean



Every issue our resident Gamorrean, Urgkle, will lend his ear to those having trouble with life, love and everything in between. Please keep in mind Urgkle is not a licensed medical professional; however, he WAS imprisoned with a B-1 Medical droid and a 3PO Protocol droid in the dungeons of Bootae the Hutt for over 3 years.

Dear Lonely Gamorrean,

This April, my husband "Frank" and I will have been married for 50 years. While I still feel spry and young, he acts like he's too old to do anything. I want to get out and have some fun! All Frank wants to do is sit at home and watch televised shuffleboard. I really don't want a divorce at this point in our relationship, but I don't know what to do. Can you help?

Clueless in Columbus

Clueless,

What wrong with you!?!? Urgkle see problem! Urgkle see big problem! Clueless want to go out and force "Frank" into "breaking it down". Urgkle sure Frank has bad ticker; one Macarena too much and Frank have massive stroke and Clueless have brand new Cadillac Eldorado with gold trim hubcaps!

Urgkle say Frank drop couple Xanath-4 Death Spiders in Clueless' dancing shoes and start looking at personals.

The Lonely Gamorrean is none other than the great Bob Rogers. To contact "Urgkle" send an email to journal@starwars-rpg.net with the subject "The Lonely Gamorrean"

Dear Lonely Gamorrean,

I don't know exactly how to say this, so I'll get straight to the point. I think I'm in love with my sister. See it's funny, cause when we first met we didn't know we were related. We didn't find that out until later on. But before that happened, we shared a few "moments" together that were very special to me.

Anyway, once we found out we were related we obviously went our separate ways. But now, she's supposed to marry this scruffy-looking nerf-herder and, to be honest, I just don't think he's good enough for her. What should I do?

Enamored on Endor

Enamored,

Urgkle both horrified and distressed by your letter. Even Urgkle know "Dipping toes into the same pool" bad idea. Urgkle say you find nice girl and go settle down. Wierd feelings will pass and Urgkle sure once Enamored far away from sister things work out.

Urgkle had friend with same problem one time. Friend was a six-headed alien named Koo-sha. Koo-sha had two heads that fell in love with each other. Relationship ended badly with one head taking out a restraining order that forced partner to keep 4 feet away at all times.

Poor Koo-sha was never able to wear turtleneck again.

Dear Lonely Gamorrean,

I noticed your species name is spelled incorrectly at the top of your column. Are you stupid or is that supposed to be a joke?

Observant in Oklahoma

Observant,

Umm... it joke! It a well-timed, perfect joke! Urgkle like to lighten mood by writing things wrong and umm... stuff. Urgkle one of a long line of Gamorrean comedians. Like this one:

"Knock, knock"

"Who there?"

"Urgkle"

"Urgkle who?"

"Urgkle who going to pound you like a tent stake for wasting his time!"

That one Urgkle's favorite. It a classic.

Well, that it for this week. Urgkle hope he gived advice you folks can use. It warm Urgkle's two hearts to help folks out. Oh, and if anyone going to city-county building # 146 next Friday, Urgkle could use lift... Seems Ex-Wife #2 have eye on Cancun vacation and want Urgkle to pick up tab. Urgkle wonder why her Bepin Boy-Toy can't pick up tab? Perhaps if Urgkle had luc-er-ative malt liquor deal like he has, Urgkle wouldn't be spending his vacations searching for empty cheese spread cans under highway overpasses. Anyway, Urgkle get off topic. Till next time!

CADENCES (PART 2):

THE EXCITING STORY CONTINUES EXACTLY WHERE ISSUE 1 LEFT OFF

by Donovan Morningfire



Dark Tidings

The next night

Place: Almas Academy, Cularin System

The day had been fairly quiet. Donovan and Z'Rissa's sparring match had exhausted both of them. After she'd shown him where his quarters were, he wished her a good night. He'd been quite happy to be able to take a nice warm shower to help ease the tension out of his tired muscles. After which he went straight to sleep. Had it been the more freewheeling Jasmine and not the proper Z'Rissa, Donovan probably would have been invited to share a shower. But Z'Rissa had merely wished him a peaceful night's sleep and thanked him again for the sparring match. The last thing he saw before the door to her room closed was her warm, smiling face.

Normally Donovan's nights were spent dreaming of Jasmine. Which wasn't too surprising considering the fact that the Twi'lek smuggler was constantly flirting with the young Jedi. That plus the fact that she had a body that most women would kill to have and most men would kill to get next too. But for some reason or another, the woman that inhabited most of Donovan's dreams that night was a pale-skinned, fiery-tressed regal beauty. The next morning, after giving it some thought, he came to the conclusion that it was probably the fact that she was right across the hall while Jasmine is halfway across the galaxy. Somehow, he highly doubted Z'Rissa would ever be caught dead doing half the things the dream version of her had done. At least he could take some small measure of consolation in his not needing a cold shower when he awoke.

Donovan spent most of the day continuing Sakura's training in the Force, trying to get her to open her mind to the ebb and flow of the Force. It might have been easier if they were on a planet where life was more natural, but Donovan's orders from the Council told him to stay on Almas. She hadn't seemed overly interested, until Donovan showed her a bit on how it connected to lightsaber dueling, a subject Sakura was always interested in learning more about. While it didn't directly relate to lightsaber usage, the lessons did include how to gauge someone's strength in the Force, as well as a bit about sending and receiving another's thoughts. When Sakura had tried to sense Donovan's Force presence, the look of utter surprise on her face was quite easy to see. It wasn't really a big secret that Donovan was probably among the more powerful Jedi in the Order. Some might have contended that he might one day be able to rival Master Yoda's power, perhaps exceed it, were it not for a tow-headed boy from Tatooine. If she's amazed from sensing my presence, she'll be floored when she finds out just how powerful Anakin is, Donovan thought to himself. Sakura was never one to hide her opinions, and she really didn't see why Anakin got special treatment, having been too old when he was found to begin training as a Jedi. He'd pretty much gone straight from Hopeful to Padawan Learner in the span of a week or two, something that took years for most others, Sakura included.

He'd seen Dantris again. Apparently, the Healer had been watching him and Z'Rissa duel. Dantris said he'd thought about challenging the winner, but after watching the two of them go at it for almost an hour straight, he had decided that he really didn't need his butt whopped on all that badly. Considering the fact that his reflexes were nowhere near that of Z'Rissa's, and Donovan would have steamrolled the Healer in a minute.

"It wouldn't have been that fast." Donovan had responded.

Dantris chuckled, "Oh, I guess you're right, it wouldn't have been quite that fast... It would have been faster!" With that, both of them broke out in laughter, despite a consternated look on Sakura's face while the whole exchange occurred.

**... looking like he was ready to drop,
not only from sheer exhaustion but also
from some severe wounds.**

Now, he was currently watching Z'Rissa instruct a small class of students, with her Padawan Learner Lon assisting. Also watching from the sidelines was Kirlocca, the head lightsaber instructor. Sakura was off doing some high-end physical training exercises, something that Donovan had found she did best alone. He knew the girl liked her privacy, and he was more than ready to respect that. Even though nearly two years had already passed, she'd still never really opened up to him, but Donovan figured it would be best to just give it a little more time.

The class had gotten to the practice area, and the younglings lined up, with their practice lightsabers in hand. At Z'Rissa's word, they began to go through a series of simple training cadences. It wasn't something that Donovan normally found interesting, but this time was different. The teacher made it interesting. It was amazing how easily she handled a class full of children and pre-teens, while he could barely handle a single teenager. He made a mental note to, at some point, ask Z'Rissa for some advice on how to best handle Sakura. He'd been doing all right, but was concerned that he could do a lot better. Training a Padawan was no small task, and the last thing Donovan wanted to do was screw it up. Even if the sabacc deck seemed to be stacked against him.

Kirlocca seemed to be mentally taking notes on Z'Rissa's actions, as if grading her. While the Wookiee was physically imposing to be sure, he was more of a gentle giant than anything else. Donovan had also noticed that Kirlocca's preferred method of answering questions were simple-yet-baffling replies, which would be all the more baffling if the questioner wasn't fluent in Shyriiwook. Donovan had considered asking the older Jedi a few questions on some of the finer points of lightsaber fighting techniques, but he was still trying to puzzle out most of the advice that Master Yoda had given him not too long after the demonstration match with Master Windu.

He was distracted at the sound of young laughter, and had to suppress a laugh himself when he saw what caused it. Apparently Z'Rissa had been showing how to use the Force to gain an advantage over an opponent, and had pulled Lon's legs out from underneath him. Unfortunately, Lon was probably supposed to land with more grace and dignity than he actually had. But at least he appeared to take the laughter in good spirits. He just got up, brushed himself off, shrugged, and bent to pick up his lightsaber. Z'Rissa seemed to almost roll her eyes at her Padawan's seeming antics, as if he were intentionally basking in the spotlight.

Just then, there was a loud commotion outside the room, and before anyone else knew what was happening, the doors burst open. A frightened Tarasin child was standing there, looking like he was ready to

drop, not only from sheer exhaustion but also from some severe wounds.

Z'Rissa instructed her class to stay calm while she dispatched Lon to go find Dantris and bring him here quickly. Donovan joined Kirlocca at the Tarasin's side. He'd seen several of them here, with "Mother" Missira, their unofficial tribal leader, but he didn't really know much about them biologically. But he knew enough about biology to tell this Tarasin was not going to be in this world much longer without some serious help. There were several burn marks, a sure sign of being shot by a blaster, and his breathing was shallow and haggard and had an unsettling rasping sound to it. While the Force was strong with Donovan, the healing arts were something he was not really good at, and this boy needed first-rate help.

Moments later Lon returned with Dantris, who quickly rushed to the Tarasin's side. He gave his patient a quick lookover, then placed his hands on the Tarasin's chest and concentrated. Slowly but surely, the reptilian boy's breathing improved and became much more stable.

He then turned to address Kirlocca. "He'll live, but he needs a great deal of rest," Dantris said, before turning to address the class. "I need some help carrying him to the treatment room." At his words, two other Tarasin stepped forward and slowly helped their wounded cousin to stand, and then followed the Healer out of the room.

Kirlocca bellowed to the class that the lesson was over, and that they were to return immediately to their rooms and stay there until called for. Quietly, the students filed out of the room. Z'Rissa sent Lon along with them, in spite of his eagerness to know what happened.

When the last of the students had filed out, leaving only the three Jedi in the room, Kirlocca turned to Donovan and howled a gruff question.

Z'Rissa, who obviously wasn't fully up to speed on the intricacies of the Wookiee language, asked Donovan, "What did he say?"

Donovan kept his gaze on Kirlocca while he replied. "He wants to know what in the seven hells just happened. And to answer your question, Master Kirlocca, it would be best if you gathered all the available Jedi Knights at this Academy. What I have to say is very urgent. It was supposed to be for Master Lanus' ears only, but it seems that we don't have the time to wait for his return." Kirlocca, looking baffled, whuffed a reply to Donovan's words and then left the training room.

"And?" asked Z'Rissa, wishing she had a better grasp of Shyriiwook. She could get by, but most of the syntax was still lost on her.

Donovan paused before answering. "He said he was just asking a general question, and hadn't expected me to have any sort of answers."

**"Something very evil has just
come to the Cularin system."**

"Answers to what? Donovan, what is happening?"

Donovan looked at the floor for a moment, and then looked right into Z'Rissa's sapphire blue eyes. He could see the concern clear as day in those eyes, and that they were also much darker, nearing a shade of black. Part of him didn't want to answer, to prevent her concern from deepening. But as a fellow Jedi, he owed her the truth.

"Something very evil has just come to the Cularin system."

*** **

**War Meeting
Early the next morning**

Place: Almas Academy, Cularin System

To say the air was rife with worry and concern would be drastic understatement. Most of the time the students at the academy felt a measure of safety inside the walls of the Academy. But the fact that one of their own had nearly been killed showed just how vulnerable they really were. What made matters worse was that it turned out the lone Tarasin had not been alone, and had been outside on a simple training exercise with several other students. The students he had been training with were found dead the next morning, their bodies piled disrespectfully in front of the entrance to the Academy.

Donovan entered into the meeting chamber to find only a handful of occupants, sitting in a circle on pillows. Kirlocca and Z'Rissa were here. Dantris wasn't since he was busy tending to the wounded Tarasin. The other two occupants were Seenlu Kir, who oversaw the student dormitories and helped the younger students adjust to life at the Academy, and Missira, the tribal "mother" of the Tarasin who attended the Academy.

"Is this everyone?" Donovan asked, trying to hide his disbelief. The number here seemed rather small. Even though he didn't spend much time there, the Jedi Temple on Coruscant often had nearly two hundred Jedi around at any given time, usually waiting between assignments or training either themselves or their Padawans.

"There aren't that many Knights that operate out of here, as Cularin is pretty far off the beaten path, Master Donovan," answered Seenlu. The usual mirth in her eyes was subdued. "Many of the Jedi we do have are on Cularian proper or Genarius. And there's too much distance for any more to get here on such short notice."

Kirlocca growled a question, with enough volume to indicate that it should be answered immediately.

Donovan simply nodded, and started to speak, "I was ordered to come here by the Jedi Council, because they felt that the Almas Academy may well be in a great deal of danger." He waited a moment for his words to sink in before proceeding. "Over the past few weeks, there have been disturbing reports of ancient ruins being looted by a person or persons unknown."

Missira, her scales shifting colors to indicate a sense of aggravation, was the first to speak. "What does this have to do with the Academy, shouldn't that be the concern of the Archeological Corps?"

Donovan faced her before answering, "This is a direct concern of the Jedi Council because it was a Sith Temple that was raided. The sites raided were strongholds of the ancient Sith, some dating as far back as the Hyperspace Wars."

The mention of that single word caused a series of concerned glances flying across the room. While the powers of a Jedi Knight were formidable indeed, they acted in accordance with the Force. A Sith on the other hand, was an exaggerated reflection of the Jedi, using the Force for his or her own desires. The exact origin of the Sith had been lost to the winds of time, but the mere utterance of the word was enough to send a chill down even the most hardened Jedi's spine. Only a few years earlier, a Sith Lord had struck down the Jedi Master Qui-Gon Jinn, who was considered to be one of the best swordsmen of his generation. Snippets of information gleaned over the millennia indicated that there where

there was one Sith, there was often a second. A master and an apprentice. There was a rumor that Obi-Wan Kenobi had slain the Sith who had struck down his master. But even if that's true, it still leaves the other one out there in the galaxy to work his or her evil. Who's to say if the master was destroyed, or the apprentice. What made it worse was that the Council would neither confirm nor deny the validity of the rumor, since they also did not know for certain.

"One of our Investigators," Donovan continued, "learned that the man behind these raids is named Jaster Fanor. He's a pirate lord that escaped from imprisonment about two months ago. Somehow, he managed to "acquire" a small corvette and he's managed to patch together a crew to man this vessel. The precise nature of what he's taken is unknown, but it wouldn't be much of a stretch to assume the artifacts are related to the Sith."



"But wouldn't most Sith artifacts be useless to a normal person?" asked Z'Rissa, a hint of concern creeping into her voice, though there was a bit of arrogance as well.

"It's believed that Fanor is working for someone else. Someone willing to go through a lot of trouble to get their hands on the artifacts," Donovan answered.

Kirlocca whuffed a question, concern laced in his voice.

"The Council didn't know for certain when he'd come here. But since there is a Sith Temple here on Almas, they believed it would only be a matter of time before he did. Like Seenlu said, the Cularin system is off the beaten path, the Council didn't think he would come this soon but now it appears as though they were wrong," answered Donovan. "Last night's incident shows that we no longer have the luxury of time."

"Do we know specifically what was taken from these sites, so that we might be able to defend against them?" asked Z'Rissa.

"Very little, just what could be deciphered from the writings on the walls of the ruins, which at best gave vague hints," Donovan answered. "The first item was a talisman that enhanced any latent Force potential within the wearer. The second was a gauntlet that could unleash a blast of dark side energy. The third relic was a sword forged with Sith alchemy and laced with a deadly poison. The fourth item was a tablet of some sort. The tablet was scanned, but the language is so ancient that deciphering it is going to take a while, and it might be several months before anyone knows for certain just what it says."

Z'Rissa then spoke up. "I talked with Healer Solomani before coming here. The Tarasin boy was with a trio of students, and men with blasters attacked them suddenly. One of the men had a sword, one that could even parry a lightsaber."

"It would seem we have confirmation that this Jaster Fanor is here on Almas," Seenlu added. "The only question is what course of action do we take? Going anywhere near the Sith Temple is expressly forbidden. And for good reason."

Several minutes passed before Kirlocca responded in a low rumbling growl.

Missira nodded her head in agreement. "Kirlocca is right. We should act, but I don't think all of us should go. Some of us should stay here to

reassure and help protect the students. It might also be wise if we do not let the students know the precise details of what is occurring.”

“Agreed. But who should stay, and who should go?” asked Z’Rissa.

“I’ll go,” said Donovan. Everyone in the room turned to face him. “My orders from the Council were to prevent Fanor from entering the Sith Temple at any cost. And this might just be the chance we need to find out who Fanor is working for.”

“But you shouldn’t go alone. Fanor seems to have proven quite dangerous,” said Z’Rissa.

“I’ve dealt with him in the past,” Donovan answered matter-of-factly.

Seenlu still seemed concerned. “There is the Sith Temple. Very few have gone near it since the Academy’s creation, and for good reason. It may well be that the Sith artifacts this Jaster Fanor has stolen may only have their powers increased so close to a Dark Side nexus.”

“Fanor seems to have proven quite dangerous...”

Z’Rissa stood before speaking. “I will go as well. If Jaster Fanor and his minions are as dangerous as Donovan says, then it would be the two of us that would have the best chance to prevent him from gaining access to the Sith Temple.” Her voice had a soft, rueful note as she added, “And I’m probably the least reassuring teacher here.”

Kirlocca had a look of disappointment on his face for a moment. It was fairly obvious that he wanted to go, to avenge his fallen students, but apparently agreed with Missira’s statement that he should stay. He indicated his acceptance with a nod of his furry head.

“We should leave within the hour,” Z’Rissa said, facing Donovan, her eyes nearly black. “It might be best if we left our respective Padawans here. The Temple is no place for an apprentice.”

“I agree,” answered Donovan. ‘Especially an apprentice with Sakura’s background,’ he thought quietly to himself.

With that, the pair headed to the door. Kirlocca growled just before they crossed the thresholds to the corridor beyond.

“May the Force be with you both,” Seenlu agreed.

*** **

Comparing Notes

Three hours later

Location: Computer room, Almas Academy

Lon was having mixed feelings. He’d been told by his master to stay here while she was gone. But he knew something was going on and wanted to find out for himself what it was. She hadn’t said where she was going, but he was certain that trouble lay ahead. The fact that Dantris seemed overly agitated only added credence to that theory. And to top it off, the instructors seemed intent on keeping as tight-lipped as possible. So Lon’s natural instinct was to find the truth of the matter.

To this end, he’d spent most of the morning talking to others and going through computer records of recent galactic events related to the Jedi. It had taken some doing, but he found out most of what was going on. It seemed there was a pirate on the loose that was collecting artifacts, and apparently this guy had come to Almas. Z’Rissa and Donovan had taken off a couple hours ago to confront him. Where exactly they were going

to do that wasn’t known. But considering this guy was after artifacts, it narrowed down the possible destinations to one place. The Sith Temple. Lon had to repress a shudder just thinking about the place. He’d heard stories from some of the younger Knights about how the very air around the place made your insides feel like icicles. The dramatizations that the older students put on each year, helped highlight the danger of the place, but somehow Lon felt the dramatizations didn’t really catch the full effect of the place’s evil, even with the Force-added special effects.

So to keep himself from getting too stir-crazy, Lon kept digging through computer records. He’d gotten a name: Jaster Fanor. A search on that name had turned up quite a colorful history. The latest entries were his capture at Rinar by, oddly enough, Donovan Morningfire. Neither the Jedi Council nor the Republic Judicial Department had sanctioned that action; but Lon understood about illicit undercover ops. He recalled hearing about that incident in passing, but hadn’t paid much attention to it. The final entry was that Jaster had somehow escaped from a penal planet, but had been keeping a low profile. The rest of it made Lon uncomfortable. He had been wanted on many charges of murder, piracy, and rape. Too many of each to fully list. This guy was a callous monster. Why Donovan hadn’t killed the guy when he had the chance escaped Lon right at this moment. Of course, he hadn’t been there, so anything he could come up with was mere speculation. It seemed to him that Donovan had gone after this guy for reasons unknown.

So Jaster Fanor, wanted pirate and all-around scumbag, was here on Almas. And three of his fellow students were now dead, turned into target practice by a bunch of thugs. And Lon Blackstone was forced to stay here while his master, Z’Rissa, went to capture this menace. A part of him wanted to grab a speeder and take off to go looking for his master, but she had given him explicit instructions to stay put and the tone in her voice brooked no argument.

“So you were left behind as well.”

Lon almost jumped at the sound of the voice. Not just because of the sudden noise, but also because he recognized its owner. In the few days that she’d been here, Sakura had been well along her way to losing every popularity contest imaginable. While Lon would admit that he could be a bit mouthy to Z’Rissa, whose moniker he’d help spread, he at least kept it private. He’d seen a few times where Sakura had taken verbal stabs at her master, with little or no respect included. I might as well answer her questions and get her out of here, Lon thought to himself. There was something that just gave him the creeps when she was around.

“Yeah, on Master Z’Rissa’s express instructions,” Lon said, still feeling slightly annoyed, though he now had a better idea of the reasons.

“She doesn’t trust you?” Sakura asked in her matter-of-fact way.

“So you were left behind as well.”

Those words stung Lon deeper than he would have ever admitted to. While he was the unknown king of the practical jokes, Lon had always felt that Z’Rissa trusted him, that her instructions were to keep her Padawan out of harm’s way. Just how Sakura could be so cold was something that Lon couldn’t quite fathom.

“And what about you? Master Donovan doesn’t trust you?” Lon shot back.

“He feels that I am unable to handle whatever it is he and Master Z’Rissa are going to face,” Sakura answered, looking off into space.

Lon turned to face her. “Did it ever cross your mind that he might be trying to protect you?”

Sakura's distant expression quickly dissolved as she looked right at Lon. "Are you saying I need protection?" Her question was a thinly veiled challenge.

With a smirk, Lon handed her his datapad. "This is what I've found out so far. I think our Masters might have a right to be concerned."

Sakura read over it. Either she's really good at hiding her emotions, Lon thought, or she's even more cold and emotionless than Mistress Z'Rissa. After several moments of silence, Lon took a chance, hoping this girl across from him wouldn't bite his head off. "Do you think they'll be all right?" he asked tentatively.

"I hope so." Sakura's answer almost caused Lon to do a double take. Not seeming to notice, she continued, "I've already lost one Master, I don't want to lose a second one. Even if it's one like Donovan Morningfire."

"Just what is your beef with him anyways?" Lon inquired.

Sakura let out a sigh. "He goes out of his way to find the most dangerous situations possible, and then dives in headfirst without ever giving the situation more than a moment's consideration."

Lon couldn't help but smirk. While Sakura might be more than capable in combat, she had light years to go when it came to people. "It never occurred to you that he just might know what he's doing?" Lon asked, almost rhetorically.

The fact that Sakura said nothing spoke volumes. It seems she had a long way to go before she really understood what it meant to be a Jedi. Unabated, he continued. "I've done some searching in the Order's files pertaining to your Master. From all indications, he's pretty in tune with the Force, especially the Living Force. It could most likely be that he's heeding the Force when he does as he does. And from all appearances, it seems to have done a pretty damn good job so far."

"Luck can only take one so far," Sakura retorted. "He should be more reserved and upstanding. More like Master Z'Rissa."

Lon had to hold back a chuckle, which ended up coming out of his nose as a snort. A sound that caused Sakura to look at him with a stare that quickly sobered Lon up from his momentary delirium.

"Master Z'Rissa goes overboard on the reserved and upstanding," Lon commented. "There's a good reason she's called the Ice Princess, and it has very little to do with her surname. Heck, she should take some notes from Master Donovan and Healer Solomani and loosen up. I'd almost wager that if she smiled too deeply her face would crack."

"Which is how a Jedi should be," Sakura countered.

"Oh really, just how many non-Jedi friends does Master Donovan have?" Lon asked.

"What does that have to do with..." Sakura began to ask.

Lon shushed her with an upheld hand. "Just answer the question."

Sakura thought for a moment. "The bounty hunter Darr Navia. The mercenary Fallon Corsair. Alexis." She stopped for a moment, as if what she was about to say next was distasteful. "And then there's Jasmine," she finally finished.

"I take it Donovan and this Jasmine are fairly close?" Lon asked.

"Too close," Sakura answered. "The reason Master Donovan went after Jaster Fanor was because he had kidnapped Jasmine. Even after the Council had told him not to go without the support of the Judicial Department."

This was a surprise to Lon. This Jasmine must mean a whole lot if Donovan was willing to defy the Council's wishes. He was about to ask for some more details on Jasmine, but Sakura's facial expression indicated that she wanted to know the relevance of her answers. Now.

"Z'Rissa has only one real friend, that being Healer Solomani. She just has no ability to relate to people outside the Jedi Order. Non-Jedi are just too alien to her," Lon stated. "It's that kind of attitude that makes people leery of the Jedi. I'll be honest; I'd have loved to have been chosen by Donovan to be his Padawan Learner. At least he might have a clue in understanding me."

Sakura seemed very quiet, like she was deep in thought. When she looked up, Lon could have almost sworn he saw traces of a smile on her face.

"I felt the same way when I began my apprenticeship under Donovan. But I think in trying to get him to understand me, he helped me gain a better understanding of myself."

Her words almost knocked Lon out of his seat. In the space of minutes, she'd gone from understanding little of the meaning of being a Jedi to

having a pretty firm grasp on the subject. But he really couldn't refute her words.

For what was likely to be one of the few times in his life, Lon Blackstone had absolutely nothing to say.

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Lesson Plans

Nine hours later

Place: A kilometer from the Sith Temple on Almas.

'This is a little too cozy,' Donovan thought to himself. He and Z'Rissa had arrived via airspeeder about three hours ago. Considering the poisonous nature of the atmosphere, they had set up an environmental tent. And so they waited. Both had to use several calming techniques to keep their nerves from getting the better of them. After about an hour of silent waiting, Donovan had finally decided to try and strike up a conversation. He mentally cursed his shyness. Whenever he was around any halfway-attractive female, it seemed that no matter how he tried, he always fell victim to a severe case of bashfulness. Jasmine had probably been the toughest, since there was also a definite physical attraction for both of them. While Jasmine could very easily be considered sexy, especially given the way she moved, Z'Rissa was something else entirely. Z'Rissa was most certainly beautiful, but she was far more regal than Jasmine could likely ever be. She moved with poise and grace, and held herself in a very regal manner. Even dressed in her Jedi robes and tunic, colored beige and midnight blue, she looked timelessly elegant. Especially with her hair done up in a braided coronet. He tried several times to think of some way to strike up a conversation with her, but dismissed each way he could come up with as juvenile.

"So how goes your training of Sakura Gall'van?" Z'Rissa asked, finally deciding to take the initiative.

Donovan had to suppress a groan. "All things considered, I guess fairly well. She's not the most interested student, unless it has something to do with combat. But considering what it was like when I first took her as my Padawan, I think there's been some definite improvement."

Z'Rissa nodded. "I notice she carries a blaster," she stated.

"At least her first reaction isn't to reach for that blaster anymore," Donovan replied. "But I just wish I could get her to trust her lightsaber skills more. She has a lot of potential, if only she'd realize it."

A wistful look crossed Z'Rissa's face. "That sounds all too familiar," she added.

"How so?" Donovan asked, his shyness falling to the wayside.

"Lon insists on carrying a blaster as well. He says that it's useful for letting him attack enemies that are too far away for a lightsaber, and has taken to using it while fighting with his lightsaber as well. And nothing I do can convince him to change." a slight tone of frustration crept through in her voice.

"Sakura used to do the same constantly," Donovan commented, "but now she only does it when severely outmanned."

"How did you manage that?" Z'Rissa asked earnestly.

Donovan smirked. "She and I agreed to a duel."

"A duel?" Z'Rissa responded, almost shocked.

"Terms were simple. She could bring whatever weapon she wanted, I would bring none," Donovan explained, the smile still on his face.

"What did you do?" Z'Rissa asked, seeming quite eager to know the answer.

Donovan shrugged. "After a minute or so of dodging her shots, I Force-tugged her lightsaber to my hand, and reflected a blaster bolt to strike across the back of her gun hand."

"What was the point?"

"To show her that your weapons could be turned against you, but the Force would always be your ally, ready to help you when you need it."

Z'Rissa went quiet for several moments. Donovan was afraid that he'd said something that upset her. Considering how long they could be spending out here, the last thing he wanted to do was upset her. Heck, he didn't want to upset her under any condition.

"You have such a rapport with her. From what I've heard, most other Jedi dismissed her as too stubborn and bull-headed to be trained," Z'Rissa said.

"There are times it doesn't feel that way," Donovan remarked, rolling his eyes. "But then I'm not the teacher you are. Lon is pretty lucky to have a Master like you."

It was Z'Rissa's turn to roll her eyes. "Lucky? Half the time I can barely figure him out, and the rest of the time I'm totally in the dark. Some teacher I am. I can handle a classroom full of children I barely know, but have no idea how to deal with my own Padawan."

Donovan held his thoughts for a moment. He realized just how foolish it had been of him to automatically assume that just because Z'Rissa was good at teaching a large group of students she'd be equally as good at training a Padawan.

Z'Rissa seemed not to notice her tent-mate's quietness, and continued. "Some teacher I am. Master Cyrelle was so gifted, she always knew the right word to say, the right action to take."

"Master Quatre was much the same way. It seemed as if he was one of the privileged few that truly understood how the universe worked, mysterious ways or not." Donovan added, "And no matter what happened, he always seemed to have a ready smile."

"Why is it they make it look so easy when it's so hard?" Z'Rissa asked, a note of frustration in her voice.

Donovan thought a moment before answering. "Probably because by the time they trained us, Cyrelle and Quatre had already trained other Padawans to Knighthood. They had a pretty good idea what to expect by that time. We're figuring it out as we go. And I think we both choose Padawans that would not be considered the first best choice for either of us."

Z'Rissa nodded. "Lon's been doing some research on you. I don't think he's too happy being cooped up here in the Cularin system, and is envious of the fact that you routinely go on assignments that range all over the galaxy."

"And Sakura seems to feel that it would be more conducive to stay at the Temple and learn there, instead of hopping all across the place," Donovan said.

Both looked at each other, and said at the same time, "Wanna switch?" A moment after both realized they'd said the exact same thing, they started laughing. Whatever tension had been in the air had melted away.

The two spent the next couple hours talking about different things. Turns out Cyrelle was a native of Naboo, and upon hearing that Donovan had spent a year there at Theed's Royal House of Learning, Z'Rissa was quite eager to learn more about Naboo itself, having only been there once for a brief visit as a sort of 13th birthday present. She had gotten to see more of the Gungans in those few months than he did after nearly a year, though he knew much more of Theed. It also turned out that Z'Rissa was indeed a member of the Alderaan ruling family, and had spent several weeks with them. She had been glad to return to the Jedi, feeling more comfortable within the Temple's walls than with her biological relatives. Though she had to admit that Alderaan was a very beautiful world, especially for being a Core World.

Donovan told her about his stay on Nar Shaddaa, though it was a heavily edited version. Z'Rissa couldn't help but laugh at the mental image of the Jedi Knight sitting across from her wearing simple, non-Jedi clothes and earning his keep by washing dishes in a grimy diner. Donovan's only defense was that it was an enlightening experience in that it illustrated that one could not always rely on one's skill with the Force to make their way in the galaxy, though for some reason, he decided to say that last bit while trying to imitate Master Yoda. A decision that he felt was well rewarded since Z'Rissa was giggling uncontrollably the whole time.

It was while eating their meal of ration bars that Z'Rissa noticed a look of distaste on Donovan's face. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"I hate these things," Donovan replied, looking at the barely eaten bar in

his hand. "You'd think within the thousands of years the Republic has existed, they'd have come up with something better than these by now."

"It's actually a fairly healthy food substance. A balanced amount of protein, carbohydrates, vitamins - what more could you want?"

Donovan sheepishly looked up at her. "Taste?"

Z'Rissa almost choked on the mouthful of ration bar she was eating before breaking out in laughter.

The two Jedi finished off their meal, and decided that getting what rest they could, would be the most prudent course of action. The shelter was fairly unobtrusive, and they were far enough away from the Sith Temple that unless Fanor's crew did a wide sweep scan, they wouldn't be noticed.

Donovan quickly sled into a sleeping trance. Z'Rissa took a moment to study his features. For all the time they'd spent in close company of late, she hadn't really ever looked at him as something other than a Jedi.

Now that she did, Z'Rissa understood all too well why many of the teenage female students were in a slight uproar over Donovan's arrival. His features had a boyish charm to them, as though he had yet to see any true tragedy in his life. The way his smile just made his entire face light up was proof enough of that. Several times during their conversations, when he'd smiled towards her, Z'Rissa had felt her heart skip a beat. He had eyes that were a brilliant shade of green, that held an endless and intoxicating depth to them. Dantris' eyes were also green, but held mischief in them more than anything else.

It was difficult for her at times. She felt that she should be a pillar of responsibility. Especially after becoming a Jedi Knight, and more so now that she had a Padawan Learner to train. Dantris had tried to edge her to let go more often, but being carefree was a luxury she didn't really allow herself. The only times she'd ever let herself truly relax since coming to Almas were the times she and Dantris were alone.

And then there was Donovan. At first glance, one would think that he didn't have a care in the universe. That he just lived life from moment to moment. She'd even heard Sakura openly call him a fool. But the truth of the person was far different.

She'd seen signs of that person during their sparring match. Master Cyrelle had once said that you could gain a true measure of a person not only by how they do battle but how they approach it. If that was the case, Donovan was someone who would prefer to avoid unnecessary fighting, but would not be hesitant to draw his weapon if need be. He rarely, if ever, seemed to think ahead, living almost completely within the moment. When teaching a class, Z'Rissa had drilled into the students that you always needed to think several moves ahead. But lying in a trance before her was a Jedi who barely gave any forethought to his next actions. It was also fairly easy to sense that the Force was strong in him, but he showed few signs of the arrogance she'd seen in others his age that showed great skill in the Force.

Lying down, Z'Rissa found her mind wandering back to Donovan's 'surprise' party. She had strongly considered not going, but when Dantris mentioned that Donovan's master had been slain, she decided to, at the very least, offer some condolences. How she would have reacted had she been forced to watch Master Cyrelle be cut down, she didn't know and wasn't eager to find out. So, Z'Rissa spent the majority of that night trying to maintain an air of dignity, while many other Jedi seemed to enjoy the festivities. She even caught Dantris at one time looking upset, and then heard Obi-Wan's off-hand comment that Donovan might end up holding the all-time record for congratulatory kisses. Her own party had been a very tasteful affair, while Donovan's was a bit more ... lively.

It was when she'd finally gotten the chance to get close to Donovan, to express her condolences about Master Quatre's loss, that something truly unexpected happened; Dantris pushed her into Donovan's arms. Both of them had been surprised, but it was hard to tell who was more so, especially since Z'Rissa ended up kissing Donovan full on the lips, an action that caught a lot of the party's attendees by surprise. What surprised Z'Rissa even more was that she found herself enjoying it quite a bit, and feeling quite reluctant to pull away. But she finally did and, blushing more than a little, she headed back into the crowd. She'd found Dantris actually scowling, which was definitely not his style. Still feeling flushed, Z'Rissa had only replied, "You mixed the medicine, Healer. So don't complain about the results." She'd left shortly after, but not before seeing a Zeltron Jedi trying to one-up her, to the point some thought Donovan would pass out from lack of oxygen. And before a few days ago, that had been the last time she'd seen the young Jedi Knight.

For some reason, she thought of a fairy tale that she'd overheard being read several weeks ago to a group of younglings. One of the main characters had been a young prince who, while not the most handsome or the strongest, was certainly the bravest and most caring of his brothers. It had been his bravery and compassion that allowed the storybook prince to defeat a great evil when all others had failed, and win the heart of a beautiful maiden. Thinking back on it, Z'Rissa could see why she thought of it. There were Jedi who were much more handsome than him, especially Dantris. There were Jedi who were much better combatants than him, and there were Jedi who were more skilled in using the Force than he. But she doubted if there ever had been, or ever would be, a Jedi that was as equally brave and compassionate as the one that lay sleeping beside her.

"Good night, young prince," Z'Rissa whispered. She then did something that normally would have never crossed her mind under most any other circumstance. She leaned over and gave the sleeping Donovan a quick kiss on the lips, before going into her own sleeping trance.

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Raiders of the Dark Temple

The next morning

Place: Outside the Sith Temple on Almas

Donovan awoke with a bit of start. There was a definite disturbance in the Force. He was about to try and wake Z'Rissa when her eyes shot open.

"You felt it too?" Donovan asked, already knowing the answer.

"We better get going," Z'Rissa quickly answered, donning her breath mask and preparing to go outside.

Donovan strapped on his own breathmask and joined her outside, grabbing a shoulder pack as he exited the tent. Both saw a decent-sized starship flying overhead, heading towards the Sith Temple. Without a word, the two took off after the ship, boosting their speed through the Force. Had anyone been watching, the two Jedi would have appeared as blurs of motion.

They didn't need to follow the ship; its destination was well known. Instead, they took the most direct route to the Sith Temple. As it turned out, they got there well ahead of the ship. Both took the time to rest and regain a small measure of the energy they'd expended. While taking the airspeeder would have been less taxing, they would also be more likely to be noticed than they were on the ground.

After a half-hour, the ship landed about 40 meters from their position, and about 100 meters from the Sith Temple itself. Both Jedi were very

quiet, and both had felt the disturbance, that much was clear. And it worried both of them. As they lay on the ground, covered underneath a camouflaged tarp, Donovan turned to Z'Rissa, who was trying to extend her senses into the Force. But all she could feel was the oppressive darkness of the Sith Temple.

She turned to Donovan, "I have..."

"... a bad feeling about this," he finished, not taking his eyes away from the ship they pursued.

Were it not for the direness of the situation, Z'Rissa might have laughed just then. Perhaps later, back at the Academy, they might share a laugh over this, but not now. A part of her debated the wisdom of just the two of them going to confront whatever it was that had now arrived at the Sith Temple.

Eventually, about a dozen beings disembarked from the ship. After he gave a silent nod to Z'Rissa, Donovan and her quietly crept up towards the ship.

Residing over the small group of disembarkees was a tall, regal looking man, dressed in fine gray robes, with a well-groomed mane of coppery hair. He was speaking with a very unsavory looking human, whom both recognized as Jaster Fanor. There were also 10 men, all armed and looking quite surly. On his hip, Fanor had a rapier that reflected eerily in the dim light of dawn, and had a gauntlet made of much the same material on his left arm. The tall man was looking over a tablet with great interest.

"So now what do we do?" whispered Z'Rissa. Something about the tall man sent a cold shiver down her spine.

"Reports indicated Jastor didn't have a huge crew with him, and a ship this size can't hold that many people," Donovan whispered back. Something about the tall man made him uneasy as well.

Z'Rissa nodded in agreement, a sly smile on her face. "Then it seems that everyone is here for the party."

"Let's mingle," was Donovan's reply, an equally sly smile on his face.

And with that, the two Jedi sprang from their hiding place. Before Jaster, the tall man, or any of the other pirates could react, Donovan and Z'Rissa were upon them, lightsabers flashing.

The tall man shouted something in an unknown language, most likely a curse given the vehemence of it, and bolted back into the ship, followed quickly by Jaster and the few pirates that weren't being mowed down by the two Jedi.

Looking at each other and nodding, Donovan and Z'Rissa bounded into the hatchway, the first turning to the left, the second to the right.

Z'Rissa met some resistance as she looked through the ship for the two men, but it wasn't anything a Jedi Knight couldn't handle. This would barely constitute a warm-up. Then, there was a warning in the Force, and Z'Rissa narrowly managed to avoid a sickly green blast of energy from her left.

She turned, holding her lightsaber in a defensive stance, to see Jaster Fanor pointing his gloved hand at her, traces of black smoke wafting from his fist.

"You're quick as well as pretty, little Jedi," Jaster said, his tone nasal yet guttural. "Seems I'll have to do this the old-fashioned way."

With that, the pirate drew the sword, and Z'Rissa caught a faint hint of some sort of liquid running down the edge of the blade. This was most likely the stolen Sith blade Donovan had mentioned. Which had also been used to kill one of the Academy's students. Z'Rissa permitted herself a slight bit of pride; there was no way a pirate scum like this man could match her skills, especially when augmented with the Force.

But then Jaster lunged, and it was much faster than Z'Rissa would have ever thought possible. Her own Force-enhanced reflexes barely allowed her the time to block the attack. She attempted a quick counter-thrust, but Jaster blocked it with his gauntlet, and made a series of lunges at her. She managed to block them with her lightsaber, knowing that the poison on the blade would make even a scratch lethal. Z'Rissa executed a snapping thrust, but Jaster again just blocked with the Sith gauntlet. He then made a powerful downward slash at the female Jedi. She stepped back, barely managing to avoid the attack. Needing a little room to breathe, she used the Force to push Jaster back. The pirate landed hard, but as he got up, was smiling a very sickly smile.

"So I see you've got some fight in you. Good, I like my women feisty," Jaster spoke, leering at her.

Z'Rissa looked down, and saw the front of her tunic had been cut open, revealing the middle of her chest. She must have had a shocked look on her face, because she heard Jaster laughing, and it was a sound that only confirmed just how sick of an individual this man was.

'At least my modesty is still preserved,' Z'Rissa thought coolly to herself. This Jaster was proving to be an annoyance.

He simply sneered at her. "You know, I usually prefer my women breathing, but in your case I'll gladly make an exception."

Were she not a Jedi, not in control of her emotions, she would have been feeling definite rage at his words. This wasn't a man, but a sick and deranged animal. But she maintained her calm and reassessed her tactics. As she did so, she recalled the talisman, the one that would enhance the Force ability of the wearer. Jaster's speed was likely due to that talisman, though where he kept it she couldn't tell.

Again, Jaster charged in to attack, but Z'Rissa was ready for him. She deftly sidestepped his lunge, and looped her lightsaber underneath him, cutting straight up. Jaster had tried to stop his forward momentum, but had been too slow. As it was, he went in two different directions. The majority of his body continued on it's path forward, the sword clanging lifelessly to the ground. His head, however, rolled back off his shoulders, a look of shock on it's features. Z'Rissa watched it roll right into a disposal chute.

"I suppose your fun will have to wait," Z'Rissa said smugly, shutting down her lightsaber. "But at least your mind is in the proper place."

She checked over the pirate lord's still-warm body, trying to keep her distaste at a minimum, since Fanor apparently was not a big fan of hygiene. She found the talisman hanging around what had been the man's neck. She was considering just what exactly to do when she felt a lancing pain in the Force. She stood upright, and instinctively knew the source. "Donovan!"

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The Tides of Despair

Place: Deep Inside Fanor's ship

Donovan was a near-blur of motion. The pirates that tried to fight him were struck down either with their reflected blaster shots or a quick cut from his cerulean blade. A few times he launched waves of Force to send

several pirates sprawling to the floor. But he was no closer to either Jaster or the tall man.

He stopped to consider his location, and found himself inside a rather large hanger. Probably for storing snubfighters while traveling through hyperspace, Donovan thought. There currently weren't any fighter craft inside. In fact, the place looked rather empty. He did see an exit on the other side of the room and headed for it, only stopping when he heard a sound to his left. Spinning to face it, Donovan saw it was the tall man, with his graying red-and-blond hair and gray robes, clapping in appreciation.

"You're skills are quite excellent for one of your youthfulness, Master Donovan," he said, a regal tone to his voice. "But then, I would not have expected any less from one of the shining stars of the Jedi Order." False adoration dripped from his words, much like venom dripped from a snake's fangs, and his eyes were like twin cobalt daggers.

As the man spoke, Donovan noted that the tablet was lying on a workbench about a dozen meters behind this man, who stopped clapping and reached inside his cloak. To the young Jedi's surprise, the object he withdrew was a lightsaber.

The man took up a ready stance, igniting the crimson blade. Donovan knew all too well what was coming, and prepared himself as best he could. This would not be an easy battle, judging from the readiness and ease of his opponent's stance.

"Now then, Master Jedi Donovan Morningfire, we shall duel. And you shall die." Donovan couldn't help but feel a shiver run down his spine at the man's words. There was a cold darkness to the man. But he pushed that thought as far out of his mind as he could. His focus would be needed here, on this man, if he was to leave this room alive.

Then, without word from either, both sprung at the other. Donovan's attacks were circular in nature, while the tall man's were linear yet aggressive. Both drew the Force into themselves, using it to enhance their skills. Both knew that the first to make a careless mistake would be dead. And both were determined to not make that mistake.

But where Donovan's style of fighting was one of athleticism and speed, the gray-robed man allowed his hatred to fuel his techniques, the sheer aggressiveness of his strikes putting Donovan's own attacks off-balance, and thus making them easier to avoid. Several times the tall man had attempted a feint, and each time Donovan had caught it, though in some cases just barely. The thought of using his usual M.O. of flips and tumbles sprung up more than once, but if this man knew who he was on sight, he would just as likely have studied Donovan's methods of fighting. No, keeping grounded would be his best option right now, even if it did deny him his more potent attacks. Several times Donovan had tried to create an opening in his foe's defenses, but not once did the man fall for it.

Then, sensing a surge in the Force a second too late, Donovan felt pure agony running through his body. He lost his vision for a moment, but it returned in time to see the tall man holding his left arm forward, the hand in some gesture he didn't recognize.

"Foolish little Jedi," the tall man said. "Did you truly think that you would be any match for the power of the Dark Side? What use are your lightsaber skills when I can attack you with but a gesture?"

He made a dismissive wave, and Donovan felt himself being thrown with violent force. He tried to turn his body to absorb the upcoming impact, but was too disoriented to do so properly. As it was, he felt his body smack one of the walls hard, and then everything went black.

The tall man walked towards the Jedi's unconscious form. "Tsk, tsk, tsk. I was certainly hoping for far more of a challenge from you boy. Especially after the tales I've heard about you. But, it would seem, fame isn't everything now is it?"

"Leave him be, whoever you are!"

The tall man turned to see Z'Rissa standing not more than a dozen meters from him, her lightsaber's gold blade pointed right at him.

"Today must be my lucky day," the tall man spoke, malicious glee in his voice. "I get the rare opportunity to kill not one, but two Jedi Knights. First, the galaxy-renowned Donovan Morningfire, and second the talented duelist and teacher Z'Rissa Organa. I bow to your courage, but must admonish your foolishness."

"We shall see who is the foolish one today," Z'Rissa replied tersely. She focused all her attention on this unknown man. The room around her dimmed, all else but her opponent falling to the wayside of her consciousness. Even Donovan, lying on the floor in a heap, faded from her thoughts. All that concerned her now was her opponent. She felt the Force flowing through her. She saw dozens of moves and countermoves, and planned her strategies accordingly.

"Very well then Z'Rissa Organa, whenever you are prepared for your death," the tall man said, his voice dripping with venom. Then, in a flash of motion, he attacked.

But Z'Rissa had seen this attack coming, and was already well into blocking it and responding with her own attack. This man was good, of that there was no doubt. Remaining mindful that this man would not hesitate to attack her with the Force, she armored herself against such attacks. It was a precaution that soon proved well worth it when she felt tendrils of pain at the very edge of her self. But, with the pre-emptive measures she had taken, she was able to brush them aside. Furious that this tactic didn't work a second time, her opponent unleashed a savage barrage of attacks, which Z'Rissa was barely able to turn aside.

In the back of her conscious mind, Z'Rissa made several observations about her opponent's style of fighting. At first glance, it appeared to be a bastardized mix of Styles II and IV, but after a few moments it became clear that this man had learned to channel his fury and anger, indeed the very essence of the Dark Side itself, into his strokes. While her emphasis on Style II made her a better duelist than most Jedi, she was hard pressed to maintain any sort of offense against this man's onslaught. As he unleashed his rage, the rage could be seen in his eyes.

Then, with an amazing burst of speed, the man spun on his heels, just dodging her own forward lunge. She felt a painful burn on her left arm, one that caused her to drop her lightsaber. Before she knew it, she felt the same burning agony across the front of her thighs, and fell to the floor.

Her concentration broken, the room came zooming back into focus. She could see her lightsaber lying several meters away on the floor, its blade extinguished. She noticed the tall man standing before her, a look of satisfaction on his face, the light of his blood-red blade giving his face a monstrous look. Quickly taking stock of her condition, Z'Rissa realized that though she could barely move them, her left arm and both legs were still attached. Though each limb had a very nasty lightsaber cut on them. Cuts made with a near-surgical precision that left her alive yet completely immobilized. For the first time in her life, she was truly helpless. Despite her best efforts, she felt a small pinprick of fear crawl over her.

The tall man just loomed over her. "It would seem, little girl, that you have lost. Now prepare for the end."

To be continued...